



The
**MOTOR
OWNER**

Published Monthly
**ONE SHILLING
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DECEMBER
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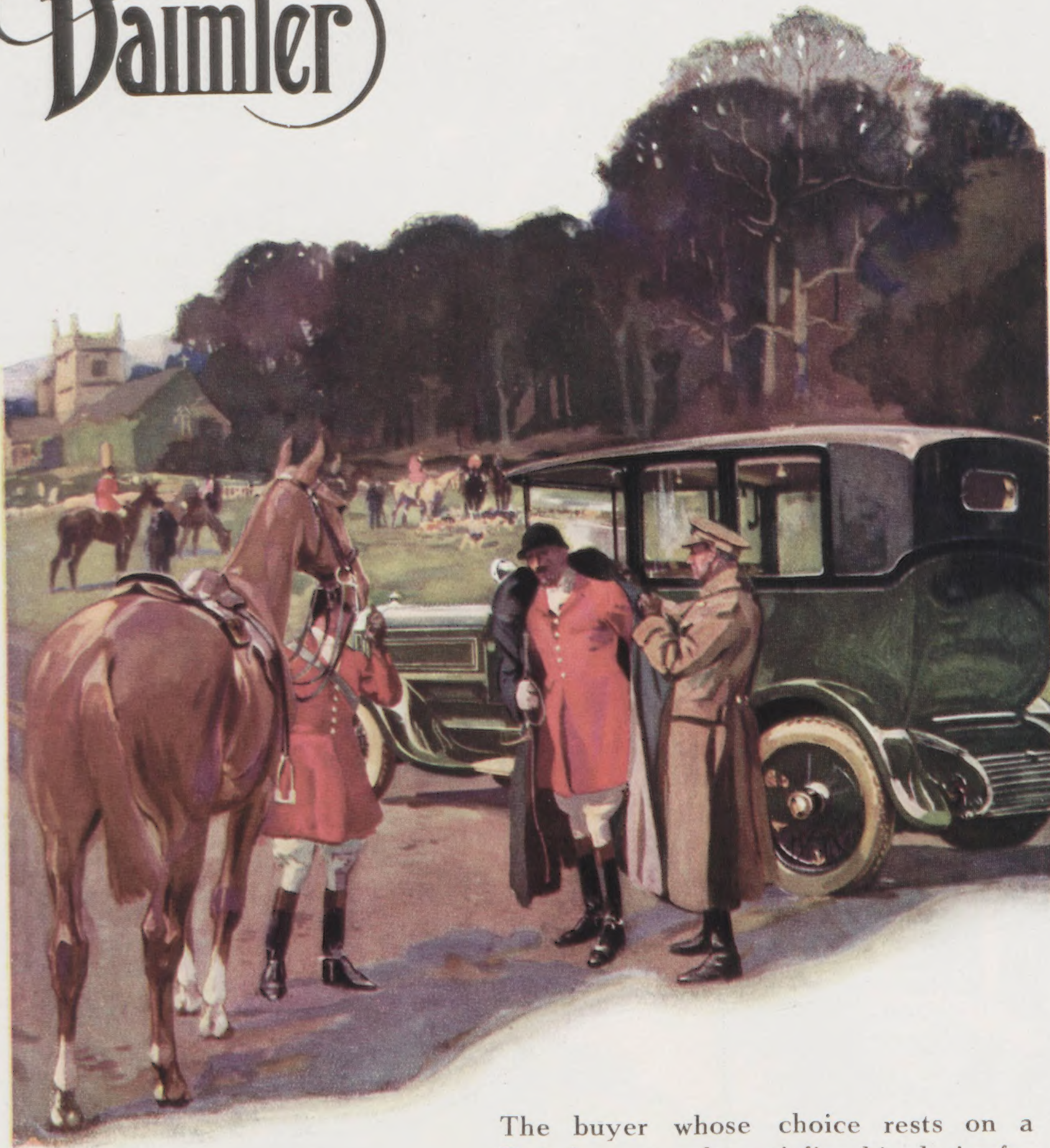
*'Best
in the
long
run'*

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO. LTD., 117-123 Golden Lane, London, E.C. 1

*'Best
in the
long
run'*

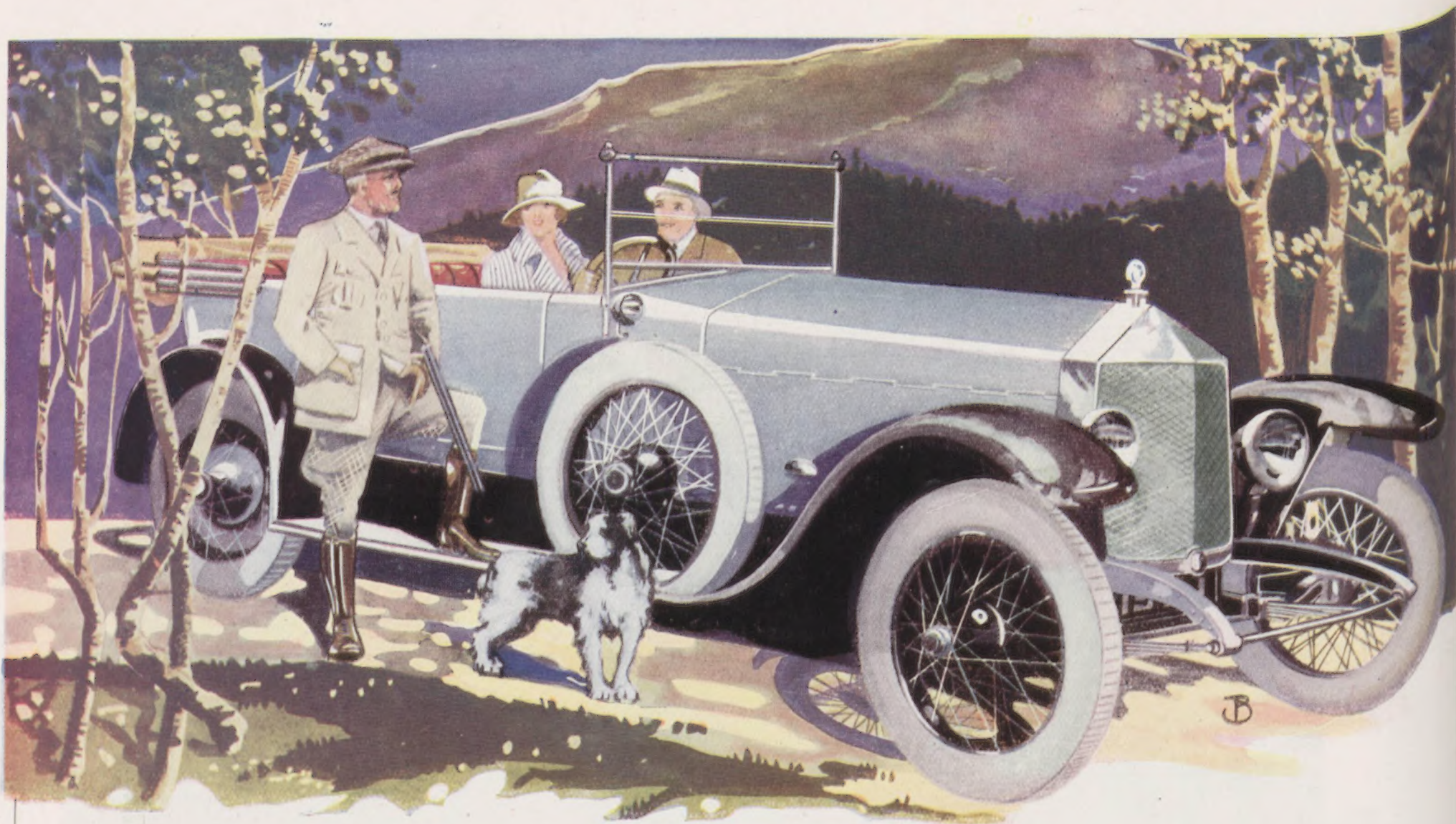
Daimler



*"The Arrival
of
The Master"
from the original drawing by
Lionel Edwards.*

The buyer whose choice rests on a Daimler not only satisfies his desire for excellence, but finds that his taste is appreciated by a wider circle than his own.

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD.
COVENTRY



THE "GUY" 20 h.p. 8-Cylinder CAR

"BRITAIN'S PIONEER EIGHT"

ONE of the most imposing cars at the recent Olympia Show, and the only car with genuine automatic lubrication. It absolutely dispenses with the old incubus, the oil-can, and there is not a solitary grease cup on the car, consequently all the bother of oiling and greasing is eliminated and the modern motorist relieved of a great deal of trouble and worry.

Write for catalogue explaining fully this unique and advantageous system.

*Extract from "THE MOTOR."
November 10th, 1920.*

THE PROBLEMS OF CHASSIS LUBRICATION.

"One of the most notable systems is that employed on the eight-cylinder Guy. . . The advantages of such a system must be obvious, for it means that beyond filling the engine with oil, the radiator occasionally with water, and the Petrol Tank with fuel, the Car requires no attention whatsoever at its owner's hands."

Phone :
1141
(4 Lines)



Wires :
"GUYMO"
Wolverhampton

FALLINGS PARK, WOLVERHAMPTON

Also Makers of the Celebrated

"GUY" 2/2½ Ton Commercial Vehicle

The Albert

An Albert Owner's Opinion of the Albert Car and the Albert Service

25th October 1920

"Since leaving Gt. Portland Street I have done about 820 miles, say an average of nearly 100 miles per day, a fair test, you'll agree, before passing an opinion, and the very least I can say is that I am absolutely and perfectly satisfied. In fact, I would like to place on record my serious appreciation of your firm's splendid attention and practical demonstration of the 'service' you profess. It becomes all the more striking after the general experience of many loudly advertised 'services' and will not be forgotten by me. I can assure you I have already astonished a few of my friends with a narrative of your promptness and thoroughness."

(Sgd) F.W.B.

WRITE for the BOOK of the ALBERT CAR and the ALBERT SERVICE

Sole Concessionnaires:

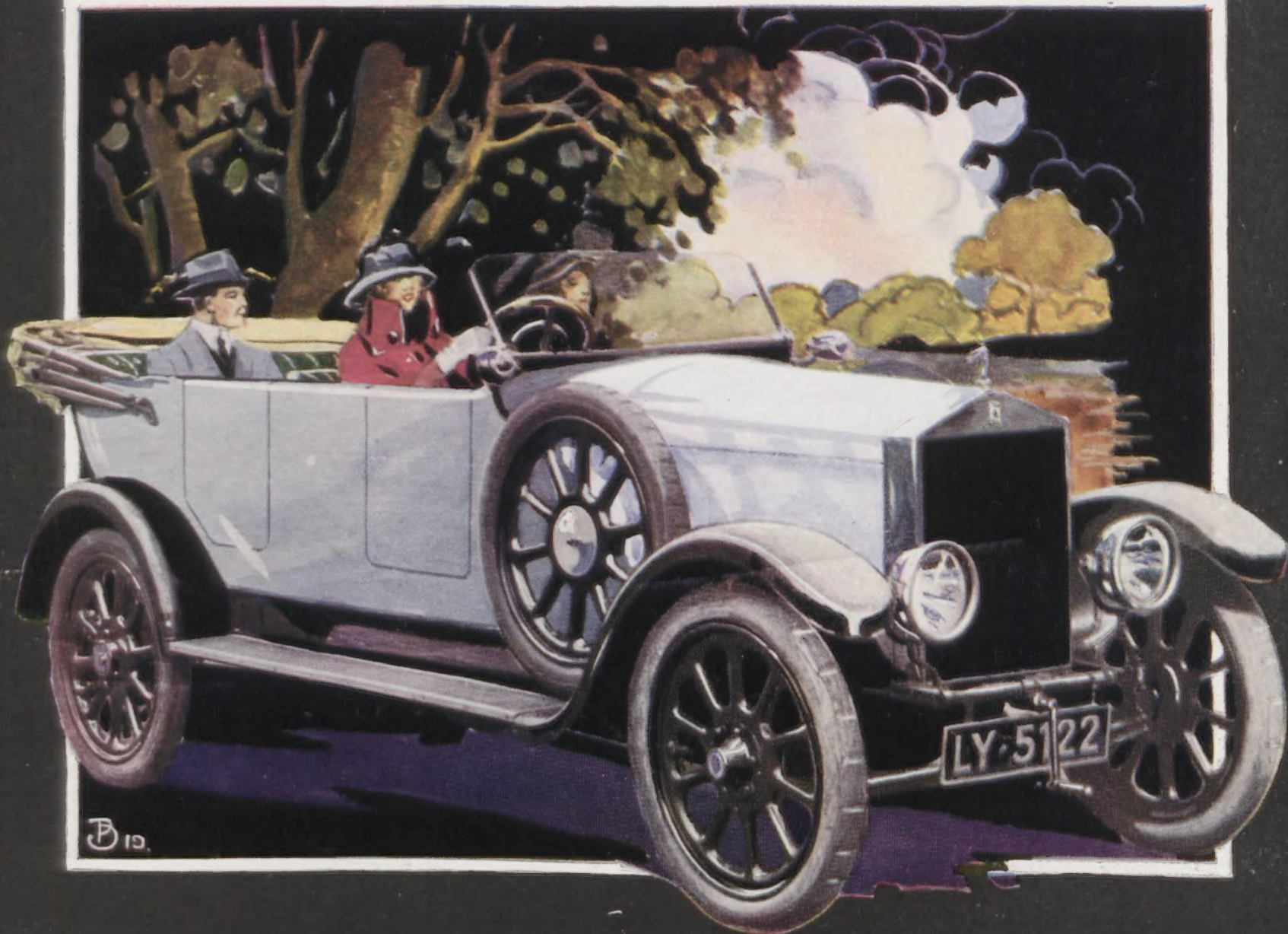
The SERVICE MOTOR Co. Ltd.

"SERVICE HOUSE," DEPT. O, 94 GT. PORTLAND ST, W.1

Telegrams: Serautoco, Phone, London

Telephone: Mayfair 3025 and 3026

The 11'9" Albert is manufactured by Cwynnes Engineering Co., Ltd., of Chiswick, Hammersmith & Vauxhall, London





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Shaw & Kilburn Ltd

SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DISTRIBUTORS IN LONDON, MIDDLESEX, HERTS, ESSEX, KENT, SURREY AND SUSSEX

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SWIFT **CARS**

*The Car of economical
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Complete Specification on request

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Telephone: Coventry 1281 (5 lines)

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B.M.T. Depot	St. Thomas Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne
B.M.T. Depot	British Motor Buildings, New City Rd., Glasgow

PRICES FOR 1921

10 h.p. Model 2-Seater £495

With Dickey Seat. Nickel-plated finish complete with

Self-Starter & Lighting Outfit

Leather Upholstery, 5 Detachable Steel Wheels with 5 Dunlop Magnum Tyres, Hood Cover

PETROL CONSUMPTION 45-50 m.p.g.

12 h.p. 2-3-Seater - £695

With double Dickey Seat

12 h.p. 4-Seater - £725

The coachwork is of exceptional quality and finish. Complete with electric starter and lighting outfit; 5 Dunlop Magnum Tyres and 5 Detachable Steel Wheels. Upholstered with blue leather, Wind Screen, Hood and Hood Cover, Electric Horn, etc.

12 h.p. Saloon Coupé £875



HUDSON SUPER-SIX CARS

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SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DIS-
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HERTS, ESSEX, KENT, SURREY, AND SUSSEX

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1919 Bean



"THE LEADER OF ITS CLASS"

PRICE REDUCTIONS:

Model	Old Price	New Price
Two-Seater Touring Model with Dickey Seat	£600	£495
Four-Seater Open Touring Model	£650	£545
Two-Seater Coupé with Dickey Seat	£750	£625
Four-Seater Coupé All-Weather Model	£825	£685
Chassis	£450	£400

Complete specification can be obtained from—

A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, LTD.

Head Office: DUDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE

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Sole Distributor for the Counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire and Shropshire: P. J. EVANS, 83-91, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

St. James's 53

The Motor-Owner, December, 1920



Taunton Cars

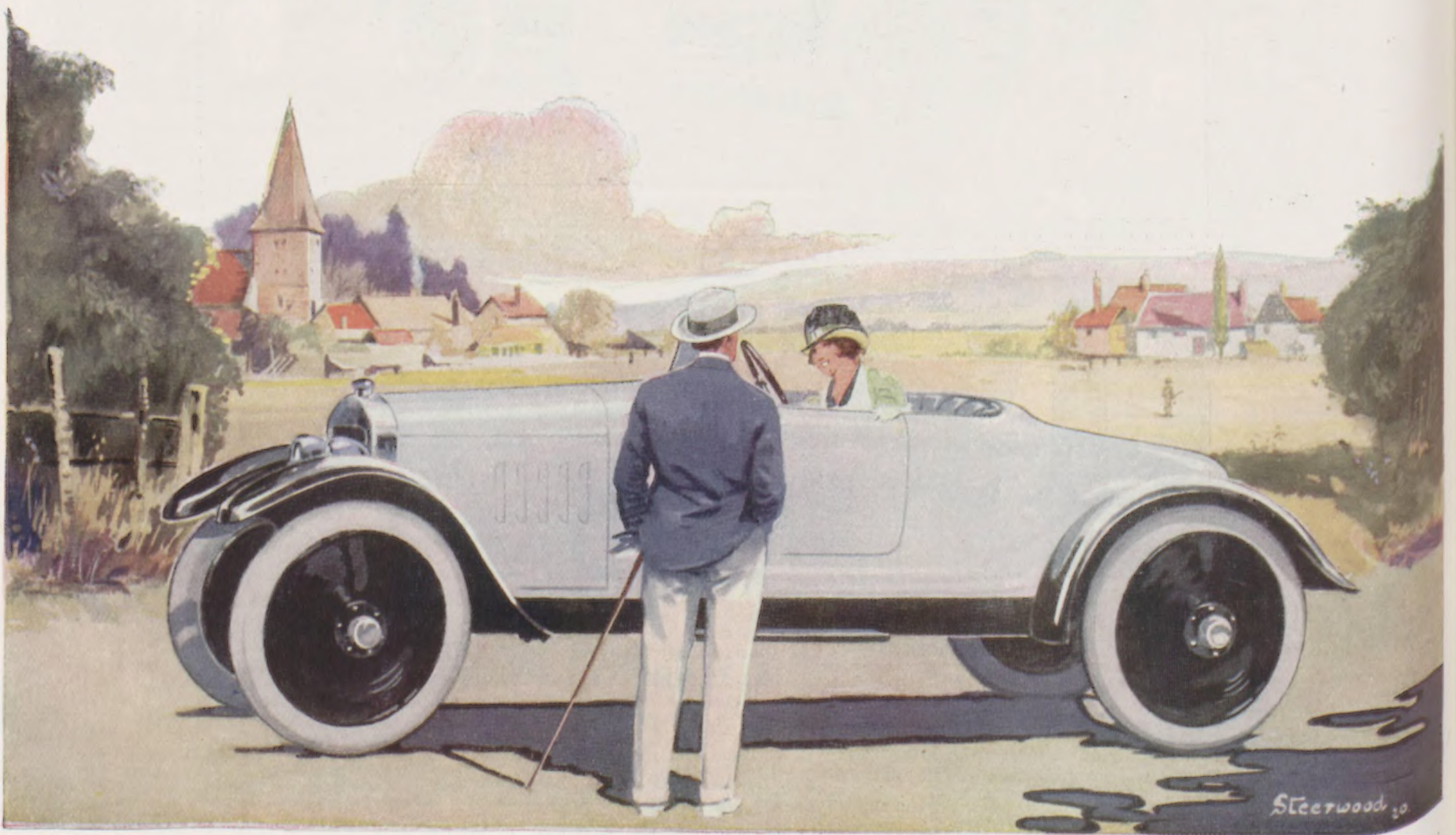
12 H.P. 4-cyl. Engine
3-Speeds Self-starter
Electric Lighting
Detachable Disc Wheels

Price ready for the road :

2-Seated Car complete

£550

96-98 VICTORIA STREET
S.W.1



SAFEST & MOST DURABLE

WINTER TYRE EQUIPMENT

The Avon "Combination" Non-Skid, for so long supreme as the ideal driving-wheel equipment for motor-cycles and cycle-cars in hill-climbs and reliability trials, is now available to motorists using tyres of 90, 100 and 105 m/m sections and 3 in., 3½ in. & 4 in. American sizes. The "Combination" tread consists of rubber bars and steel studs arranged in an attractive and efficient design, and provides a real grip for every condition of road and weather. An Avon "Combination" is equally efficient on dry, "polished" metal or wood-paving, greasy macadam, and in heavy mud or snow. *Scotland Yard approves its fitment on taxicabs as an alternative for steel studs.*

And as to life—this Avon "Combination" will outwear any Steel Studded cover, *while costing no more.*

The "Combination" Covers now available include :—

815 × 105	£10 18 0	700 × 75 or 80	£6 7 6
810 × 100	10 0 0	650 × 65	5 6 6
810 × 90	8 8 9	28 × 3	6 1 6
750 × 75 or 80	6 19 3	26 × 2½ Old Stand.	4 3 6
30 × 3½	8 6 3	26 × 2½ Brit. Stand.	4 5 3

Ask your garage to procure.

For wheels of other sizes the alternative equipment is Avon "Sunstone"—grooved anti-skids and Avon Steel-studs fitted diagonally.



A real road grip

AVON

TYRES

The AVON INDIA RUBBER CO., Ltd., 19, Newman St., Oxford St., London, W.1

Works (Est. 1885): Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

Depots Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Nottingham, Aberdeen, Leeds, Liverpool, Swansea, Dublin, Belfast.

SMITH'S TRIUMPH



SMITH'S EQUIPMENT

238

CARS AT OLYMPIA

out of

269

BY BRITISH

MANUFACTURERS FIT ALL OR PART
OF THIS WORLD FAMED EQUIPMENT

S. SMITH & SONS (M.A) LTD.
179-185 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.
and at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Belfast.

243 }
142 } BRITISH CARS AT OLYMPIA FIT { SPEEDOMETERS 178 ARE SMITH'S
CLOCKS 109 ARE SMITH'S

The Acid Test

TRACK.

Speed

45.98 Miles
per hour.

ROAD.

Fuel

Consumption

76.65 Miles
per gallon.

Prices

Standard
Two-Seater £475
Sports Model £575
Coupé Model £635
Standard
Four-Seater £635



ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB

CERTIFICATE OF PERFORMANCE No. 452.

(Under the Open Competition Rules of the R.A.C.)

A DEEMSTER CAR

19th—20th October, 1920.



This is to Certify that a 10 h.p. Deemster Light Car was entered for trial by Messrs. Ogston Motor Co. (1918), Ltd., of "Deemster" Works, Victoria Road, Acton, London, W.3.

DESCRIPTION OF CAR.

Chassis No.	-	-	959	Number of Cylinders	-	4
Engine No.	-	-	913	Type of Body	-	two-seater.
Bore	-	-	62 mm.	Gear ratios	-	top 4½ : 1.
Stroke	-	-	90 mm.	"	-	2nd 8 : 1.
				"	-	1st, 13½ : 1.
Engine revolutions per minute on top gear at 20 m.p.h.				-	-	1,081.84
Weight of Vehicle, unladen				-	-	1,334 lbs. (11.9 cwt.)
Running weight, including passenger and driver				-	-	1,711 lbs. (15.28 cwt.)

DESCRIPTION OF TRIAL

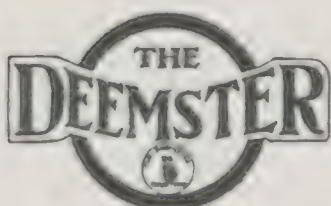
The trial was a fuel-consumption test on one of the Club's Six Standard Routes, preceded by speed and hill-climbing tests upon Brooklands Track. The car was timed over one half-mile from a flying start, and the speed was found to be 45.98 miles per hour. Brooklands Test Hill was taken at a speed of 13.71 miles per hour. The car then, without any adjustment of carburettor or other alteration, ran from London to Beckhampton and back, a distance of 164½ miles. The road portion of the trial was covered at an average speed (running time only) of 20 miles per hour. The weather and roads were both good. The car "coasted" down hills, i.e., the clutch and gear were disengaged when descending hills. An extra air inlet, controlled from the dash, was fitted. For the road portion of the trial the fuel consumption was at the rate of 76.65 miles per gallon, equivalent to 58.55 ton-miles per gallon. During the Brooklands portion of the trial, the engine was missing fire at speeds over 40 miles per hour. The speed tests were carried out on aviation spirit and the road consumption test on benzol. The missing fire continued at high engine speeds, when on a low gear during the road portion of the trial.

ARTHUR STANLEY, *Chairman.*

J. W. ORDE, *Secretary.*

G. H. BAILLIE, *Chairman of Technical Committee.*

Pall Mall, London, S.W.
28th October, 1920.



THE OGSTON MOTOR CO. (1918) LTD.

Deemster Works : Victoria Road, Acton, W.3

Telephone : Chiswick 1289, 2044

Telegrams : "Ogstonia," London



YOUR CAR IS WORTHY OF A GOOD GARAGE

B. & P. MOTOR HOUSE

Made in the
following sizes

Depth	Width
15 ft.	18 ft.
18 ft.	18 ft.
20 ft.	18 ft.
24 ft.	18 ft.

Prices on Application.

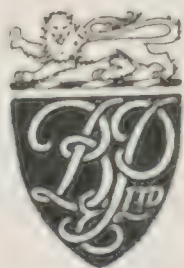
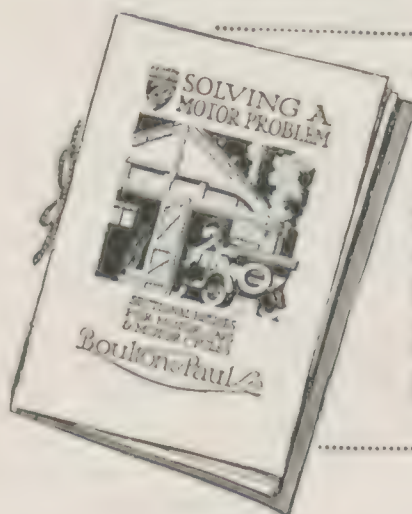


Illustration shows a B. & P. Motor House constructed of strong deal planed framing, mortised and tenoned, the walls covered outside with rustic joint weather-boarding and bottom portion stained with our brown wood preserving preparation. The upper portion is painted white and finished with half-timber overlays, and mouldings painted dark brown, the inside woodwork being oil stained. The doors are 8 feet high, framed and match-boarded, painted three coats, fitted with strong hinges and good locks. Windows glazed with 21 oz. sheet glass and fitted with butts and setopes. Roof of Italian pattern iron, with felt and match-boarding for lining, barge boards as shown, cast-iron eaves-gutters and down-pipes.

Carriage paid to most stations in England and Wales.



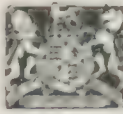
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FOR THIS
NEW MOTOR
HOUSE
CATALOGUE
PROFUSELY
ILLUSTRATED

This is an example of a typical Boulton & Paul Garage, showing how a really first-class Motor House can be made to blend with the surroundings and serve its utilitarian purpose without becoming obtrusive.

We are specialists in the manufacture of Motor Houses for all purposes. We believe in making a House worthy of your car, and worthy of being placed in conjunction with the most charming garden or grounds.

In addition to saving Garage charges, B. & P. Motor-Car Houses are thoroughly well-built. Made from selected timber by skilled workmen in our Norwich Factories. They are portable, easily erected by unskilled labour and are offered at prices within reach of all.

Enquiries invited for Garden Frames, Greenhouses, Conservatories, Verandahs, Poultry Houses, Kennels and Wood Buildings of every description. Also the Chaine-Helice Water Elevator and the "Electolite" Generating Set

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Telephone:
Norwich 851.

London Office:
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ALMAGAM
 MILLS-HARPENDEN.

3,000 miles guaranteed for the new
 grooved treads we fit to your old cover

SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS



SPECIMEN PRICES :

700 x 80 ~ £1.8.9
 815 x 105 ~ £2.19.2
 30 x 3 ~ £1.14.10

A recent testimonial says :—

"I have had more miles out of many Almagam Retreads than I had out of the original covers."

Almagam Mills, Harpenden

Depots for New Covers, Tubes, and Hose :

172 Great Portland Street, London, W.

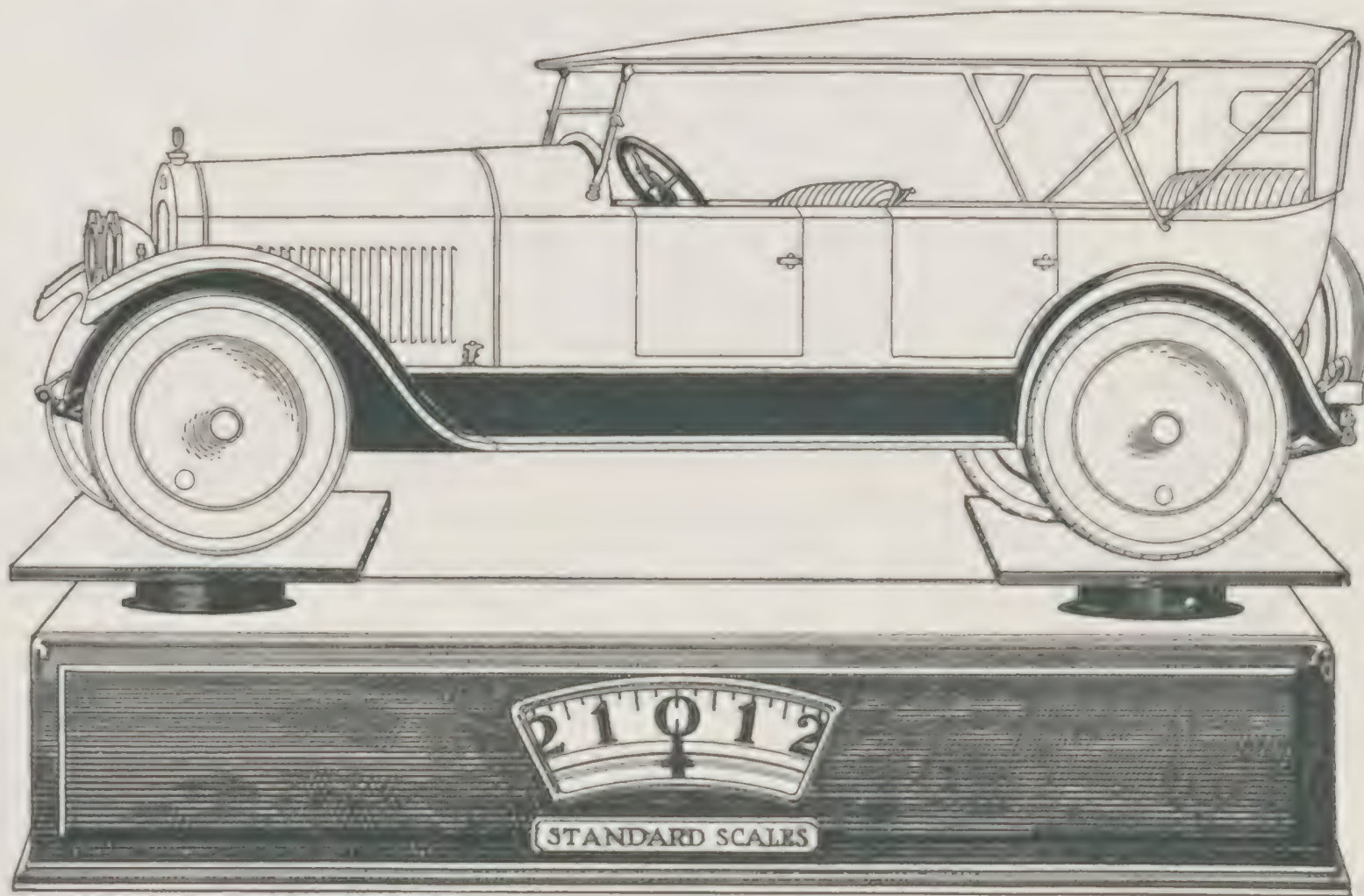
100 Victoria St., Bristol.

38 Grey St., Newcastle

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, Ltd.

THOMAS WARWICK - . . - *Managing Director*

There's a Touch of To-Morrow in all Cole does To-day



DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY THE AERO-EIGHT IS BALANCED TO ZERO?

What gives the Cole Aero-Eight its 15,000 miles on tires and causes its 80 h.p. engine to require so little fuel?

Why does the Aero-Eight pick up so swiftly and have so great a fund of reserve power?

What vests it with its unusual range of performance and enables it to operate with uniform efficiency throughout its entire speed scope?

Why does the Aero-Eight adhere so tenaciously to its course under all conditions of travel and absorb the shocks

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There is one answer to all of these questions: the Cole Aero-Eight is balanced to zero!

That is one of the achievements of aerotype engineering—an exclusive characteristic of the Cole Aero-Eight which an hour in traffic or a mile on the road will reveal as one of the master features of automotive engineering.

Owners of Cole Aero-Eights have learned the significance of zero balance through the remarkable performance of their cars

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Works: INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

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WITH A LITERARY FLAVOUR

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Of course no Whisky can have a "literary flavour," but Haig & Haig Whisky has a flavour that other Whiskies have not, and Haig & Haig take a little more trouble than other Distillers in telling the public what qualities go to give Haig & Haig the distinction that it has in the Whisky world.

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- (3) It is, therefore, more scarce than other Whiskies
- (4) Consequently it is also dearer than other Whiskies in all markets where free competition is permitted.

If all stimulants were used moderately, and if stimulants were all of the high-class quality of Haig & Haig Whisky, there would be no attention paid to prohibitionists; and "Local Option" would result (in dry areas particularly) in the most discriminating people, in such areas, endeavouring to get supplies of



WE are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is no profit in the Home Market.

HAIG & HAIG, LTD.
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Head Office : 57 Southwark St.
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***Haig & Haig Five Stars
Scots Whisky***



*The successful application of vacuum feed
is found in the "Asmo Carburetter"*

THE advantages of the ASMO Carburetter are readily appreciated by all Motorists of experience. The scientific design of the carburetter enables the engine, irrespective of fuel container position, to receive the correct amount of atomized fuel (whether Petrol, Benzole, or Alcohol) for all speeds, without the complications of the vacuum and pressure systems essential with any other carburetter.

By reason of its advanced design, the fitting of the Asmo ensures a more perfect atomization of fuel, thus enabling the utmost power to be obtained with the minimum fuel consumption from any type of Internal Combustion engine.

—◆—
Specify the fitting of this necessary component.
—◆—

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Inland Telegrams : Stromwall, Cannon, London

Telephone : City 8350





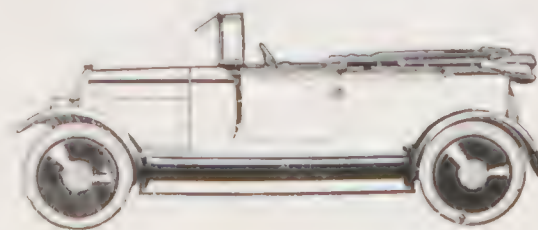
Arrol-
Johnston

THE "All-Weather" Arrol-Johnston Car costs but £895, complete with a very full high-grade equipment. As to running expenses, the petrol consumption is approximately 25 m.p.g., and the oil consumption 1,250 m.p.g., whilst the 815 x 105 mm. Dunlop Magnums stand up for many thousands of miles on this light model.

The collapsible head can be lowered by the driver without leaving his position and the car thus transformed into an extremely neat touring 4-seater. This head falls, *absolutely flat*, there are no ugly joints or arms to protrude, and the windscreen pillars are but $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide.

The interior lighting, bucket seats, window space, wide door and the non-rattling rigidity of the head render the car, as a saloon, extraordinarily comfortable.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD., DUMFRIES.
London Agents: Leverett, Thorp & Kearnon,
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By Appointment

To H.M. The Queen

W.H. ARNOLD & CO

MOTOR BODY SPECIALISTS AND AUTOMOBILE AGENTS.

31 YORK PLACE, BAKER STREET, W.1

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6314)

VALUE

To every car purchaser to-day our Headnote must at once appeal.

The discriminating Motorist desirous of owning a chassis of quality, fitted with ideal COACHWORK cannot fail to appreciate

The 20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby with an ARNOLD BODY.

This combination of an all-British Chassis of proved excellence and Coachwork of unique design and faultless manufacture, is sufficient recommendation, but the remarkably low price of the complete car conclusively proves that we are without doubt offering THE CAR OF VALUE

PROMPT DELIVERY OF RUSTON-HORNSBY MODELS.

Type A.1. 15.9 h.p. 5-Seater Touring **£650** Type A.2. 20 h.p. 5-Seater Touring **£725**

(Fullest Equipment with both models).

We illustrate on this page our "Mayfair" interior drive saloon mounted to the 20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby, and a comparison with other productions will readily convince you of its **worth**

FULL SPECIFICATION OF RUSTON-HORNSBY TOURING MODELS AND WITH SPECIAL COACHWORK ON REQUEST

"Eclipse" All-Weather Bodies, Saloons, Landaulettes, etc., for Armstrong-Siddeley, Daimler, Sunbeam, Talbot and all the premier Chassis

FAVOURABLE DELIVERIES OF COMPLETE CARS



"Mayfair" Saloon Body mounted to 20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby. Price complete, **£1,250.**

THE 16 h.p. 4-cyl. and the 8-cyl. 'V' engined cars exhibited by TALBOT-DARRACQ at last year's Olympia Show are two of the very few post-war models which have fully substantiated their designer's claims


TALBOT-DARRACQ

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of TALBOT-DARRACQ cars. The utmost in simplicity, quality, and manufacturing method is embodied in their conception, and these vehicles present a symmetrical combination of the newest and latest ideas in automobile design. The surprising excellence of each outstanding feature—each a distinct advance in motor car development—distinguishes TALBOT-DARRACQ design from all others

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Showrooms:
150 New Bond Street, London, W.1





The 11-12 H.P.

DAWSON

CAR

"COVENTRY'S BEST"

is found in this superb production. The Owner-Driver has been studied down to detailed requirements, and no thought has been spared to produce a lasting and efficient car capable of satisfying the most exacting of drivers. It will average 30 miles per gallon of petrol whilst developing the power and speed not found in others of equal Horse Power.

Prices :

2-3 Seater . . .	£750
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Coupé . . .	£820
3/4 Coupé . . .	£850
Saloon De Luxe .	£995

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THE DAWSON CAR Co. LTD.
COVENTRY



*An exceptional
production in
motor carriages*

THE 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Windsor limousine is an example of closed bodywork by Vauxhall Motors Limited, the builders of the 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car. It is a permanent-roofed car for use in all weathers—much lighter than the average body with a folding top, and much handsomer. It is free from liability to rattle. The horizontally-sliding windows give ample control over ventilation. The curved-in shape of the body, by reducing the width of the roof, secures the widest possible sky-view—in other words, it does away with the feeling one has in closed bodies of being “shut in.” The wide door and the Vauxhall patented radially-moving front seat make entrance easy.

THIS is an exceptional production in motor carriages, of which we shall build only a few. If you are interested please write at once for full particulars.

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
Telephone (4 lines): Luton 466

Telegrams: Carvaux Luton

PRICES

25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car	- £1450
30.98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox open car	- £1675
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Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

Cover Your Car



Ask for Particulars of the
'SERVICE' POLICY
issued by
THE UNITED MOTOR & GENERAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.
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STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD. $20/25$ HP. SIX ANGEL ROAD EDMONDSON A18



TYPES and PRICES

- 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car - £1450
- 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Warwick landaulette £1750
- 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Arundel cabriolet - £1725
- 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Salisbury limousine- £1750
- 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox sporting car £1675

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

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*Sole Wholesale and Retail Agents in London, Middlesex, Herts,
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10.4 H.P. 65mm/98mm

45 - M. P. H.

40 - M. P. G.

3 Speeds

Fitted with Self-Starter and
Lighting Set

Michelin Tyres

Bosch Magneto

Spare wheel and tyre

£500

OTHER MODELS

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4 Seater - £975

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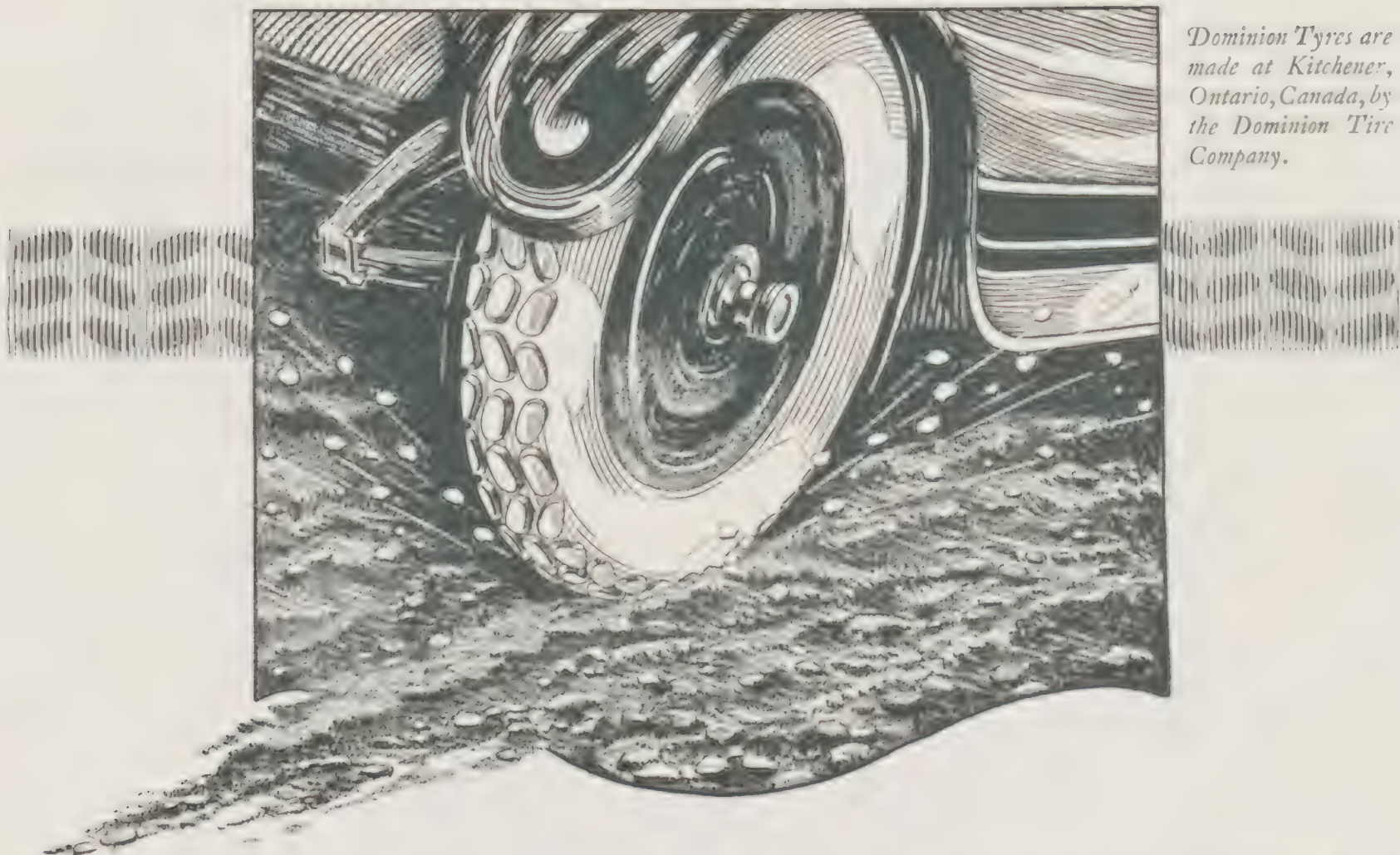
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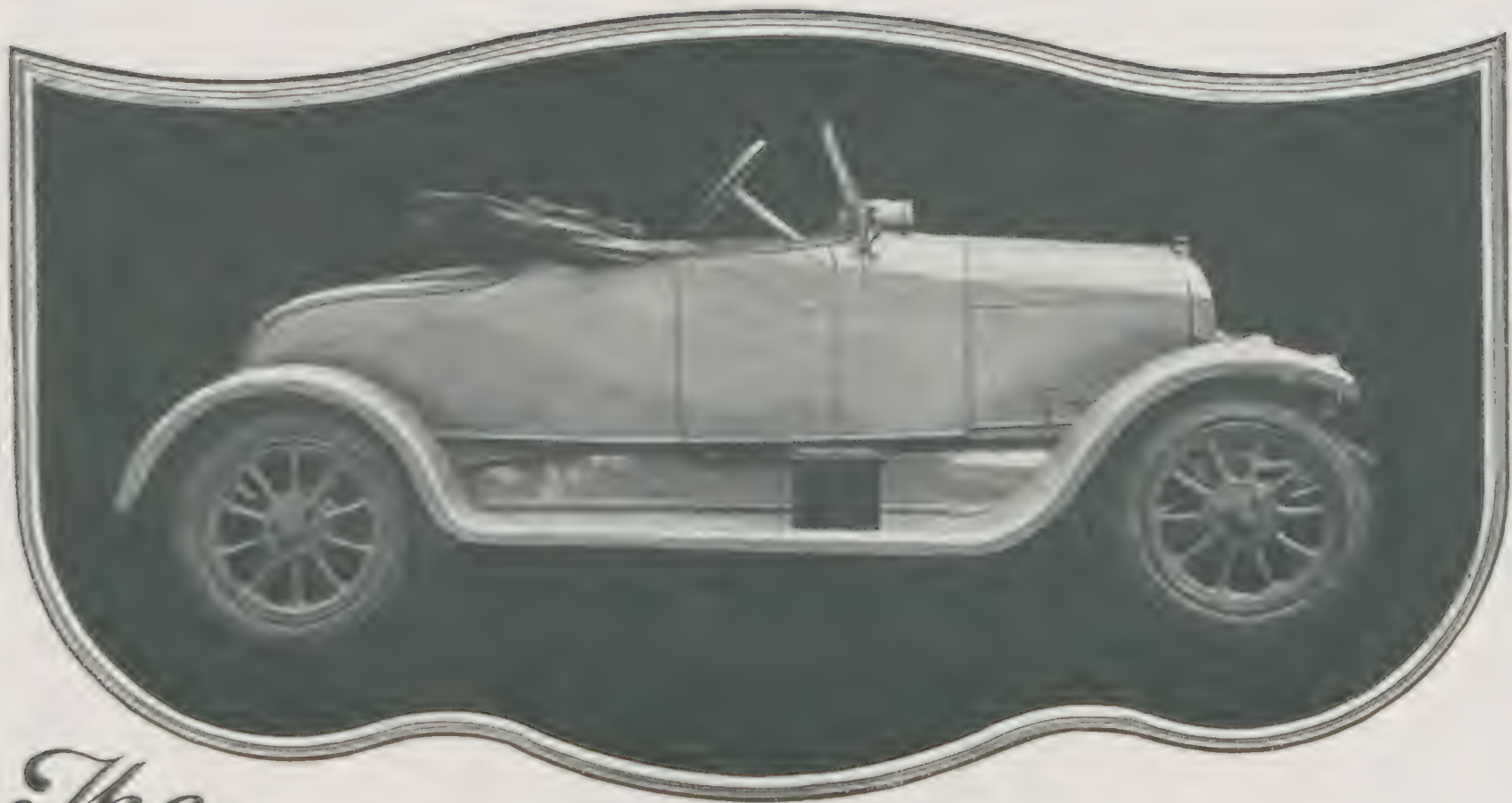
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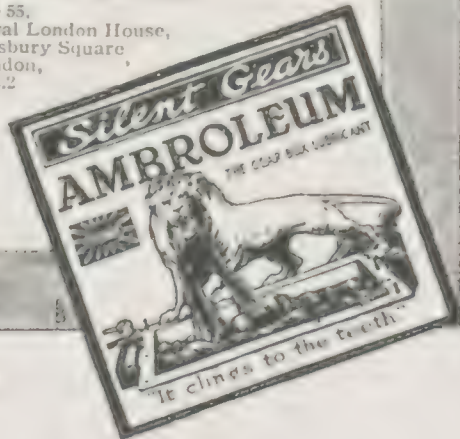
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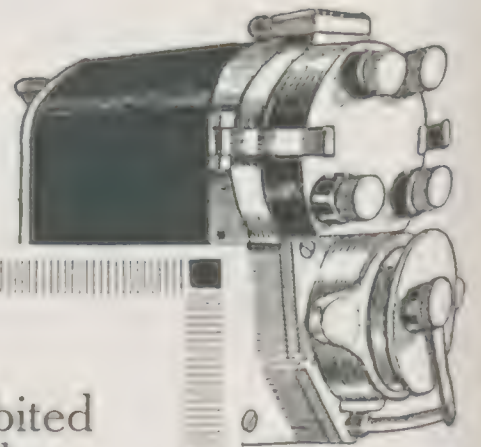
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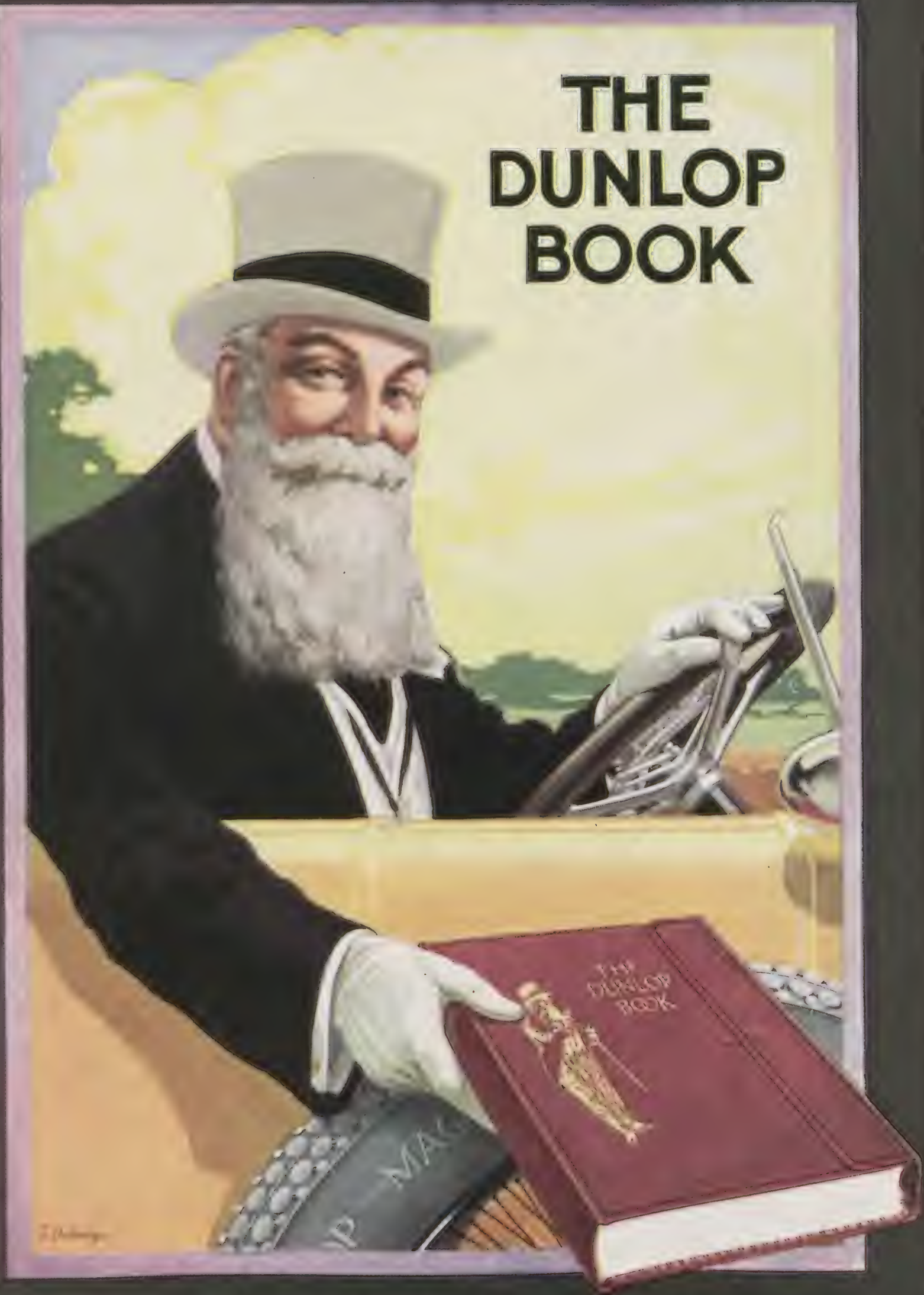


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CONTENTS

	PAGE
AN ATMOSPHERIC MASTERPIECE (<i>Frontispiece</i>)	1
AFTER DUE REFLECTION	3, 4
NATIONAL PETROL ECONOMY. By Captain E. de Normanville	5
WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE (<i>Illustrated</i>)	6, 7
AFTER-SHOW REFLECTION (<i>Illustrated</i>)	8, 9
ON XMAS EVE (Short Story by A. J. McKinney)	10
THE MOTOR-OWNER VISITS BEAULIEU (<i>Illustrated</i>)	11-13
SOME THINGS WE DID NOT LIKE. By Robert W. Beare (<i>Illustrated</i>)	14-15
THE WORLD'S A STAGE (<i>Illustrated</i>)	16, 17
THE RUGBY GAME. By E. H. D. Sewell (<i>Illustrated</i>)	18, 19
INEXPENSIVE CARS OF TO-DAY (<i>Illustrated</i>)	20
THIS MONTH'S CARTOONS: MR. H. T. VANE, of Napier's, and MR. STEPHEN JOHNSON, of Packard's	21
Supplements to THE MOTOR-OWNER: "NAPIERS," MR. H. T. Vane; "PACKARDS," Mr. Stephen Johnson	
THE OWNER-DRIVER'S CAR	22, 23
THAT CYLINDER HEAD! By W. Harold Johnson	23
OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION (<i>Illustrated</i>)	24
ON CHRISTMASSES. By "Len." (<i>Illustrated</i> by Gladys Peto)	25, 26
A PICTURE UNRIVALLED. By "Wayfarer." (<i>Illustrated</i>)	27
THE FRIENDLY MAP. By C. S. Brooke	28, 29
A MOTORIST'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS (<i>Illustrated</i>)	30, 31
THE GOLFING MOTORIST: THE MOTOR-OWNER AT BRAMSHOT (<i>Illustrated</i>)	32, 33
MOTOR POWER ON THE ESTATE: A WORD ABOUT MOWERS AND ROLLERS (<i>Illustrated</i>)	34
THE CAR'S REVENGE. By J. James	35, 36
WOMAN AND THE CAR. By Lenore Maude (<i>Illustrated</i>)	37, 38
NOTABLE CARS FROM THE "OTHER SIDE" (<i>Illustrated</i>)	39
MY LOG BOOK. By "Hermes"	40
A MOTOR CRUISE ACROSS AMERICA (<i>Illustrated</i>)	41
CARS WE HAVE TRIED: The 15.9 h.p. Humber, the 16-20 h.p. Cubitt, the 9.5 h.p. Deemster, the 8-cylinder Guy, and the 21.9 h.p. Maxwell	42-45
CASTLES IN WALES (<i>Illustrated</i>)	46, 47

The MOTOR OWNER DECEMBER Vol. II. No. 19.





(Photo. by "The Motor-Owner.")

The Motor-Owner

An atmospheric masterpiece, proving that the photographer may be an artist although his means of expression is mechanical. The place is Ibsley, known to wielders of rod and line



DECEMBER, 1920



The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way

suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

The Success of the Motor Show. The great Motor Show of 1920—the only show in Europe, and consequently of even greater inter-

national importance than usual—is over, and, taking it all in all, its success was unblemished. So far as the actual display was concerned, no one had any doubts beforehand that a magnificently staged and varied exhibition would be seen, and consequently no one was surprised when they found their anticipations more than realised. But gloomy forebodings as to the commercial value of the show—from the exhibitors' point of view, that is—were general both before and during the exhibition. We were told repeatedly that there was "no business doing," and that the White City should be re-named the White Elephant; that the bulk of the quite satisfactory crowd was composed of people like ourselves—journalists, exhibitors, and the multitude of non-purchasing individuals and their friends who are necessarily present. This, of course, was all sheer nonsense. There were not, probably, as many visitors as at the

previous show; and there certainly were not as many orders placed. And, in our opinion, this year's Motor Exhibition was all the more successful on that account.



Returning to the Normal.

It is natural to compare this show with its immediate predecessor, but as a matter of fact that of 1919 stood by itself, and was comparable with no previous or subsequent exhibition. Nothing was normal. The people had been starved for years and were hungry for cars; the manufacturers had, largely through their own misjudgment, made an effort to exhibit before they were ready to deliver, and we put down much of the chaos that has reigned throughout the year to the fault of the 1919 show. Matters connected with the motor industry have now nearly reached the full circle and arrived back at the normal; and we say that the great outstanding success of the recent exhibition lay in its absolute normality.

The Motor-Owner's Point of View. Looking at this question of actual business at a motor show from our characteristic point of view—that of the motor-owner rather than the

motor-trader, a point of view which, curiously enough, we are alone in representing—it is difficult to discover why a great number of concrete orders should be given. The only class of visitor likely to transact business at the show is the provincial agent for various makes, and even he probably finds it much more convenient to put the final cachet to his negotiations through the post at a later date. But the general motoring public has not any clear-cut notion of the particular car, or even type of car, that it wants. Most people go to Olympia to see, maybe, half-a-dozen different cars of which they have heard good things, and, when there, they see half-a-dozen more that they like. To be frank, they come away with such confused impressions as that the Lanchester has a sleeve-valve engine and the Daimler an epicyclic gear-box; that the Packard has a quaint new system of transmission and the Owen Magnetic a twelve-cylinder motor. These impressions sort themselves a week or so later and an order materialises; but not at the show. Or they take a fancy for a particular car, but, because there is already a large crowd on the stand, they go home and in the course of a few days post an order to the makers—an order which most likely is not obviously attributable to the show. No, if the exhibition passed without a single transaction taking place on the stands we should still consider it a success. And if we visited it as motor-owners and prospective purchasers we should certainly let a little time elapse before definitely committing ourselves to a particular make of car.

The "£1 per h.p." Tax.

By the time the next number of THE MOTOR-OWNER is published the new scheme of automobile taxation will be in force. We have expressed our adverse opinion of that scheme fairly forcibly, and we are glad to learn that an impressive effort is being made to secure that it shall not rule beyond the coming year. In the meantime, we have to accept the "£1 per h.p." basis, and in com-

mon fairness we must admit that it has the one solitary advantage of simplicity. No one can have the slightest doubt as to the amount for which he is liable—one sovereign for every unit of horse-power possessed by his engine, as reckoned by the Treasury formula. It can usually be safely taken that when a maker puts a decimal point in his declaration of horse-power—such as 9.5, 11.9, 15.9, 23.8, and so forth, that statement gives the taxable power. If there is any doubt on the question, the formula is simply the square of the cylinder bore (in inches) multiplied by the number of cylinders and the result divided by 2.5. Thus a four-cylinder engine of 69 mm. bore is of 11.9 h.p. by Treasury rating—and if the bore is known only in millimetres the assumption that 25.4 mm. equal 1 inch is sufficiently accurate for the purpose.

National
Petrol
Economy.

With petrol at more than eight shillings a can, even from a purely selfish point of view it is essential that any reasonable and practical means to secure economy that present themselves should be adopted. There is, however, the national point of view; petrol prices affect food prices and form a most important factor in the cost of living problem. We are giving the subject our closest attention; and in the meantime we invite readers to suggest to us any methods of securing economy that have come under their notice.

The
"Motor-Owner"
Cartoons.

It is proposed to continue month by month the series of cartoons which have proved so popular as supplements to this journal. Readers who desire to have separate copies should send a postal order for 1s. 6d., to cover the cost of postage and packing, to Dept. "A," THE MOTOR-OWNER 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2. The cartoons may also be obtained enclosed in suitable and uniform frames at the price of 6s. 6d. each, post free. Early application is advised; the demand is heavy, and the supply, strictly limited, and very few copies of the earlier cartoons remain.



NATIONAL PETROL ECONOMY.

Fitting Economy Jets as a Business Proposition.

By CAPT. E. DE
NORMANVILLE.

RATHER than advance an apology for again handling a topic so fully dealt with in the last issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER, I prefer to allow the importance of the subject to deputise. One cannot really emphasise the matter too strongly. Though market values will fluctuate, the writing on the wall in reference to future petrol supplies is clear to those who look sufficiently keenly. The continued growth of the motoring movement throughout the world coupled with the continual drain on a finite supply can have only one result. Whatever the fluctuations may be, sooner or later demand must heavily exceed supply.

We in Britain who have to import the bulk of our liquid fuel supplies will obviously be the first to "feel the draught." Too much importance cannot, therefore, be attached to the twin activities of (a) finding alternative home-produced supplies, and (b) effecting such economy as may be practicable. In subjects of national incidence there is always a tendency for everyone to agree with the objective in general but to leave its active propagation to the other fellow. I suppose we are all inclined to think: "National petrol economy? Oh, yes, jolly good idea, but I don't think it's much good worrying about it in my particular case."

Whilst I make no implication either direct or indirect against the patriotism animating MOTOR-OWNER readers, it may none the less be advisable to look at the subject from the personal point of view. Somehow in these days we seem as a nation to have lost our sense of proportion in financial expenditure. Anyhow, I personally got a rude awakening when I came to work out my petrol bill. In the course of my work I naturally have to use the car a good deal, and during the last six months or so have been covering about three hundred miles a week. With the bulk of the running being in town I was averaging between 18 and 20 m.p.g. It came quite as a surprise to find that on petrol alone I was spending more than £3 a week. For some reasons unknown I had not recently gone into the question of petrol cost. When I did so, the expenditure actually being incurred came to me as quite a surprise.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

As the bulk of the use I make of the car is for business purposes the matter at once appealed to me as a business proposition. Superficially the expenditure appeared excessive. Could an economy be effected without interfering with efficiency? That was a straightforward business proposition, and I decided to make an experiment by the simple expedient of trying smaller jets. I do not suggest that there was anything particularly "brainy" in this idea. It is the practical results of the experiment that warrant careful consideration.

The jets originally fitted in the Angus-Sanderson car are 95 main and 95 subsidiary. As an initial experiment I merely changed these for two 85's. I still did exactly the same journeys as before in approximately the same time. The only disadvantage was that I sacrificed a little in maximum speed, in acceleration, and in power generally. The result, however, was an increase of some 28 per cent. in mileage per gallon. I had therefore

effected a valuable economy in £ s. d., and viewed purely as a business proposition it was an economy without disadvantages. I was saving nearly a pound a week in petrol, and something like 200 gallons per year of that precious fluid.

MINOR DISADVANTAGES ONLY.

Now I wish to reiterate that purely as a business proposition an important economy can be effected. For example, in driving in London and suburbs in the course of my work the trips are all effected in practically the same time as previously despite the economy. The reason for this is, of course, obvious. Under such conditions it is only very rarely that it is practicable to utilise the maximum power of the engine. When it comes to country trips the matter is, of course, slightly different. It is then one notices that the car becomes slightly less powerful. I found that the maximum speed was reduced by 5½ m.p.h., and that it took some five seconds longer to climb Brooklands Test Hill from a standing start than with the original jets. From the purely personal point of view one has, of course, to weigh up the advantages and disadvantages. My contention is that with any make of car, and by the simple expedient of altering the jets, a material economy in petrol consumption can be effected without sacrificing the practical efficiency of the vehicle.

As with everything else there is between the extremes a happy medium particularly in connection with touring. For example, instead of changing to two 85 jets one can use a 90 main with an 85 subsidiary. Such an alteration will still show a valuable saving in petrol consumption and make a correspondingly smaller variation in the maximum speed of the car. It is important, however, to remember that one very rarely uses the maximum speed available. Most drivers have a medium speed for normal touring on an open road. This is the speed with which one "gets along nicely" without any undue strain or forcing anywhere. In my own particular case this speed is about 32 or 33 m.p.h. The point I want to emphasise is that when using economy jets the car can still comfortably maintain its stride at this speed. My car is still capable of a maximum speed on the level of 44 m.p.h., and really for all normal requirements this is as much as one should do with a medium-sized car.



Mr. E. J. Rossiter, now of Noma fame, who first introduced the Hispano-Suiza to England.

We have managed to separate him from the Noma in this picture.

WHEN THE HOUNDS GO

The Governor of North Carolina would have had something to rumble at if he

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CAPT. FILGATE, the
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Louth, a sportswoman of French ancestry.



LADY LOWTHER,
who hunts with the
Pytchley.



COL. ST. LEGERE MOORE,
at a meet of the Louth Foxhounds.

The English—or should we say British?—many epithets, derogatory or otherwise, them. But, whether or not we are a nation of sportsmen; whether or not we are a nation of sportsmen, though we certainly are a sporting nation, though we

FOUNTS GIVE TONGUE.

e had some-
umble at if he had been talking about hunting seasons.

THE QUORN, AN EVENT OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.



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LADY MAHON, a popular Diana of the "Disthressful Counthry."

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sh—or should o
hets, derogatory
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on, though we DO say it.



MISS GUEST is hunting her own pack this season.



The Straker-Squire radiator, shutters and thermostatic control.

THE analyst of automobile tendencies, as we predicted, did not find a great deal to engage his attention at the recent motor shows. There was, in short, no striking general departure from previous design, but on the other hand it was to be noticed that several features which made their first appearance at previous shows had hardened into accepted practice.

The cantilever rear spring is an instance. It has long been a feature of several world-famous cars; but unquestionably it is growing in popularity. We would not go so far as to say that the cantilever is necessarily better than the well-designed semi-elliptic, but our experience leads us to believe that a not very efficient spring of the former type is undoubtedly more comfortable than a poor one of the latter kind. Consequently, its more or less general use on the modern small car is a point to the good, for it is notably and principally in suspension that the lighter vehicles fall short of perfection.

We noticed, in reference to springing, that certain firms fitting quarter-elliptic springs persist in miscalling them "semi-cantilever"—than which nothing could be more misleading. One might as well call a three-cylinder engine a "semi-six." Fortunately the quarter-elliptics are very efficient, and even though they have barely a family resemblance to cantilevers, the little cars fitted with them are for the most part quite adequately sprung.

Although one cannot speak of the matter as a tendency of 1921, there is no doubt that light cars of powers varying from 10 to 15 h.p. have proved their worth. In view of the shape that automobile taxation is to adopt in the near future, it was to be anticipated that this type of car would multiply. Many an owner who previously had used nothing short of 30 h.p. has found during the past year that a good "ten" will do all that its bigger predecessor could accomplish, and at a very much lower running cost; many another has found that the fifteen-point-nine makes an admirable closed carriage.

There are still people in the world to whom a saving on annual expenditure is of no moment—perhaps it is fortunate; but the majority of motor-owners have to consider an economy of £14 or so on taxation, and considerably more on ordinary running expenses.

The popularity of the small car, therefore, is still growing. So far as the examples seen at the shows were concerned, there was at least an ample range of choice—a wider range, one would fancy, than is necessary or altogether desirable.

AFTER-SHOW

It was difficult during the recent exhibition to get a correct perspective in considering matters of automobile design, but now that it is all over it is possible to see things in their

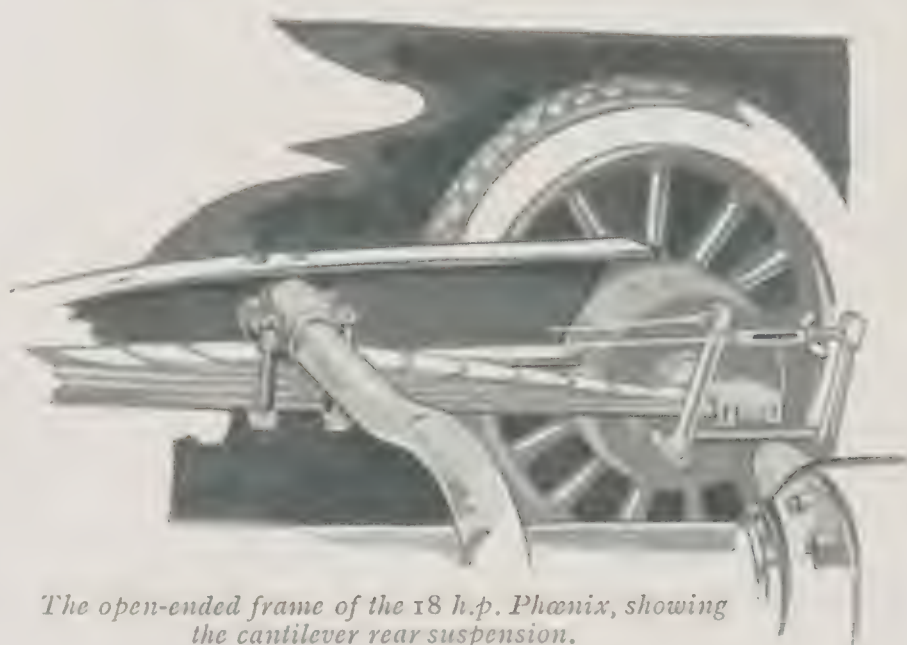
For the most part they were of orthodox design and reputable make, and so altogether above suspicion. There were also several vehicles of which the design was unorthodox; these, so far as we are concerned, are untried, and while we welcome unconventionality of design, so long as it has a purpose, we prefer to await the results of a road test before expressing an opinion.

We said that there are still people of unlimited means; and there need to be, for, side by side with the growing cult of the small car, we find the number of absolute luxury cars increasing. There can be no doubt that the claim to possess the most expensive car in the world *does* cut ice, but we should be sorry to see any more additions, from this country at least, to the chassis costing more than £2,000.

The automobile industry is admittedly in a somewhat awkward position; the purely utilitarian aspect of the movement is the one to watch until at least the general labour conditions of the world are more settled, and it is difficult to see any useful purpose in the production of more ultra-expensive cars than we already have. True, the greater the number of such cars in use, the greater is the sum available from taxation for the improvement of the roads, but the advantage to the average motor-owner is a trifle indirect and difficult to appreciate.

To go right to the other end of the scale, a serious and praiseworthy effort appears to have been made to produce a motor vehicle at a price ranging from £100 to £200. There is only one at the lower figure, and this, so far as one may judge from a mere examination on the stand, appears to be excellent. In this respect, however, a word of warning seems to be necessary. Taking the Carden car at £100 as a standard of mechanical excellence and pleasantly conventional and well-finished appearance, there appears to be a very wide divergence of opinion as to what is sound value for money. We will name no names, but there was another cycle-car at the show which sold at about 75 per cent. more than the Carden, which was not of reassuringly sound mechanical design, and which, finally, bore too great a resemblance to the sugar-box on wheels of our famous picture, "Swank!"

Now, we feel very strongly that the man who cannot or



The open-ended frame of the 18 h.p. Phoenix, showing the cantilever rear suspension.

REFLECTIONS.

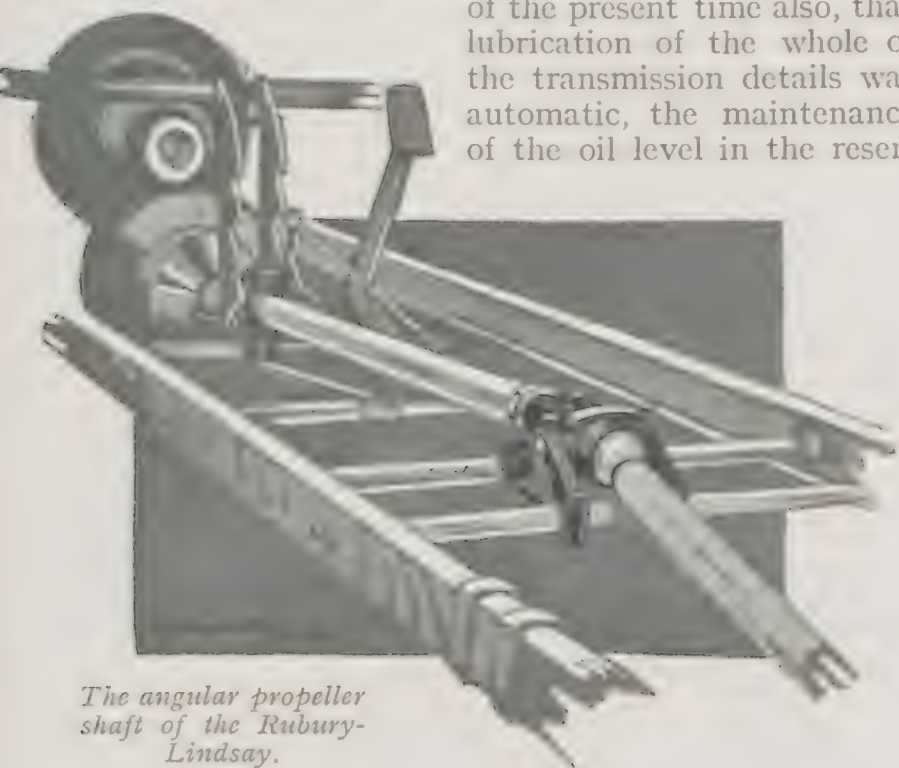
proper light. One did not learn much of consequence, perhaps, but it was evident that greater attention is being paid to such important points as suspension and braking.

will not spend more than £200 on a motor-car, is entitled to every bit as much consideration as the man who is willing to pay £3,000. Any old thing is *not* good enough; and to offer for sale a vehicle which, in comparison with similar machines, is obviously very poor value is not only not playing the game—it is playing the fool.

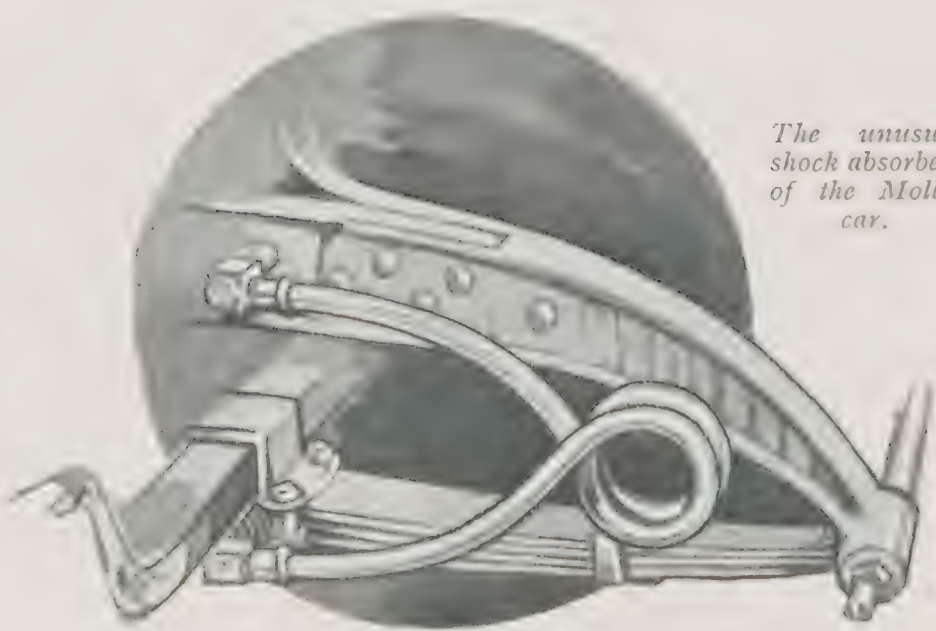
We did not think it worth the trouble to take a census of the various mechanical features of cars at the show, but it was evident that overhead valves and camshafts are very much in favour. Those cars upon which the ordinary type of valve always has been used do not show much sign of altering, but nearly all the new arrivals have overhead valves at least; very often overhead camshafts also. And yet not so many years ago the Maudslay was almost the only engine in which this idea was embodied.

It is largely on account of the increasing adoption of overhead valves, combined, of course, with the use of internal inlet and exhaust leads, that the modern engine is of notably clean appearance. With a monobloc casting, valves and camshaft boxed in, and the carburetter bolted direct to the cylinder casting, the engine of to-day looks to be simply a rectangular metal case, especially if the disposition of the various electrical accessories is sensibly carried out. This is obviously a splendid feature from the point of view of cleanliness; but the new motorist would do well to assure himself of reasonable accessibility when choosing a car for the neat design of its engine.

Writing of accessibility reminds us of the question of lubrication, and in this respect we rather regret that little progress has been made during the past twelve months, except in a few isolated instances, in regard to the general lubrication of the chassis. The arrangement for the engine is, almost without exception, beyond reproach. But the time-honoured and crude methods of greasing universal joints, spring shackles and so forth remain—to our shame. We have a hazy recollection of a car ten years or more ago—a Sheffield-Simplex, if memory serves us—which was then so far ahead not only of its own time but of the present time also, that lubrication of the whole of the transmission details was automatic, the maintenance of the oil level in the reser-



The angular propeller shaft of the Rubury-Lindsay.



The unusual shock absorbers of the Moller car.

voir being the only attention required. As we say, our recollection is very vague, but it is astonishing that all these years afterwards the Guy is the only car in which any originality has been used in regard to lubrication.

The position, we are glad to say, is much better in regard to braking. The four-wheel braking system at last appears to be gaining ground, the new six-cylinder S.P.A. being the latest convert. We have now Delage, Isotta-Fraschini, Talbot-Darracq, Hispano-Suiza, Bellanger, Elizalde, and maybe others which off-hand we do not recall, all using the system in various forms, so it is obviously practical.

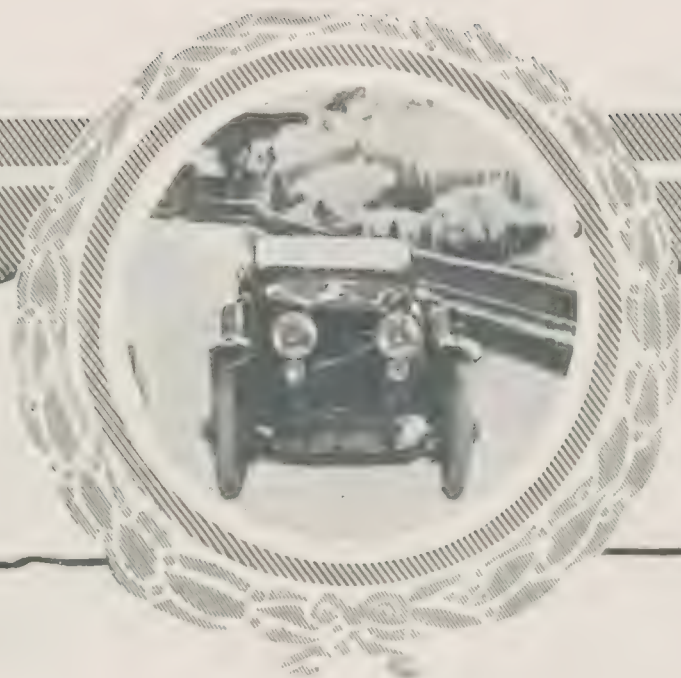
Other developments are the vacuum braking arrangement on the Leyland eight-cylinder car, in which slight pressure on the brake pedal opens a valve and permits the suction of the engine to operate the brake; and the compressed air device of the S.L.I.M.

In the latter case there is apparently a considerable amount of complication, the system comprising a four-cylinder compressor, with a reservoir to each brake. We have often thought that a car equipped with a mechanical tyre inflater, such as the Cadillac and others, might go a step further and utilise the fitting for operating the brakes, and we are not yet assured that this is impracticable, although possibly the definite impulses of a single-cylinder compressor would require the interposition of a reservoir in order to secure smoothness of braking effort.

Adequate braking is undoubtedly as important as any other feature of a car. The question of safety is obvious, but apart altogether from that, a car with good brakes is a delight to drive as compared with another in which they are either 'badly designed or out of adjustment. As a matter of fact, it is more often bad adjustment than bad design, except in so far as inaccessibility of the adjusting nuts is bad, that renders a car inefficient in this respect, and we are glad to see that in quite a number of cases the adjusters are brought to a point where they can be used without crawling under the car.

As we have said, suspension is distinctly improving; but the comfort of the car depends also to a very large extent upon the size of the tyres used. We would not like to hazard a bet on it, but we brought away a general impression from the shows that many of the exhibits were under-tyred. The big Packard and Owen Magnetic cars with their five-inch "pneus" looked comfortably shod, and the same applied to most of the larger vehicles. Light cars, however, gave one a different impression—which is a pity, for it is doubly essential in the case of the smaller car that not only the occupants, but the mechanism also should be well insulated from road shocks.

ON XMAS EVE



A short story which
goes to prove that
you never can tell!

By
A. J. McKINNEY.

"**T**ALKING of illusions," said Dr. Aloysius reminiscently, on Xmas eve as he tapped out his pipe over the glowing Yule log, "most of us live in a world where fancy is in the van and fact merely an 'also ran.'"

Mr. Tomson snorted angrily. "Rot," he snapped, with purpling countenance. "D'ye mean to tell me that my life hasn't been solid reality—solid reality," he repeated emphatically, as his heavy black brows quivered with indignation. "My struggles, my wealth, my—my estate aren't hard fact! Bosh!"

The explosive epithet had winged its lingering way on the curling tobacco smoke wisps before the other replied.

"There are more things in heaven and on earth—" he began. Then his clean-cut, mobile lips came to a sudden halt. Bending towards the millionaire, his piercing blue eyes sparkling with animation, he uttered in slow, incisive tones: "Yes, Mr. Tomson; even you, in spite of your strenuous practical life, are, like the rest of humanity, subject to illusions——"

A short snappy remark that was almost an insult, interrupted him.

"Be damned to you."

Mr. Steel Tomson ordered his car. A sudden whim had seized him. He felt restless. For a full hour after the doctor's departure he had sat that Xmas eve over the glowing log fire. Try as he would he could not forget his friend's remark. It irked him. Irritated at his unwonted depression he determined to look in and see Willkins. There was still time for a game of "pills"—Josiah kept late hours, and it was only twelve miles.

A sleepy maid softly opened the door. People always were hushed in his dominating presence.

"The car, sir," she exclaimed timidly.

"Mr. Willkins," snapped the steel magnate, as he stumbled into the limousine—he had had rather more whisky than was good for him.

A violent lurch, followed by a terrific swerve that shot him to the floor, effectively awakened him. Staggering to his feet he essayed to lower the window behind the be-furred shapeless mass on the front seat. Past him roared the trees, flitting, ghostlike, swiftly to the rear.

"W—what the d—devil do you mean, driving at this rate? Stop it at once, you fool!" he cursed, white with mingled fear and anger.

But if that statuesque figure heard it made no sign. Faster and still faster the mighty six-cylinder car plunged

through the shadows, spurning with sixty horse power the gloomy road that wound like a ghostly ribbon before it.

Another frightful lurch, as the car rounded a sharp curve on two wheels, threw the millionaire heavily against the coachwork. The car was now shooting with projectile velocity down a steep hill without hint of slackening.

Mr. Tomson's face paled still more. Suddenly—and with the thought came sickening fear to his heart—he recalled the acute bend beneath the morass-flanked railway viaduct. For it they were heading. If they escaped the cruel stone they would inevitably fail to keep the road. Assuredly would that seventy mile an hour gait hurl them into the sucking, loathsome swamp.

In his anguish he screamed aloud, an eerie, unholy wail not born of earth.

But the car plunged on, ever faster . . . faster.

Driven to desperation the magnate threw his arms around the driver's neck. His shaking, fear-urged hands found a muffled throat. On it they clenched with demoniacal force.

A gurgled exclamation escaped the victim's mouth. He threw up his arms to release himself, and then—c-c-r-r-a-s-h.

The splash of quick-struck water drowned the rest. . . .

"Feeling better now?"

It was Dr. Aloysius, a half ironical smile on his face. "You'll be all right in a few minutes. Here, drink this."

The energising fluid restored the steel magnate to full consciousness. He sputtered.

"T—that blasted idiot! Smashed my four thousand pound car and nearly killed me! He must have been drunk. Send him in at once. Not another minute will he stay under my roof." And he staggered across the room to the bell push.

"But it's Christmas," began the other.

"Christmas be hanged," Tomson interjected, livid with rage, as he rang the bell furiously.

And then a half-understood phrase startled him.

"W—what d'ye mean?" he ejaculated in surprise. "Never out of—of—"

"Exactly," replied the doctor with a quizzical smile. When I returned for my pouch, you were here still. Had a bad time apparently. See the furniture you've upset!"

Incredulity dawned in Mr. Tomson's shaken eyes. A heavy silence hung in the expectant room.

"Then—then, I haven't—" he began.

His friend interrupted him authoritatively.

"On the contrary you have. You've had a dream—an illusion. You!"

THE MOTOR-OWNER VISITS BEAULIEU.

Some facts concerning Beaulieu Abbey, Palace House, and a personal note on Lord Montagu himself, the owner of these treasures, to whom present-day motorists must render thanks for his early efforts on their behalf.

(Exclusive Photographs by
"The Motor-Owner.")

NO tourist with any foreknowledge whatever as to the resources of his route would think of passing through the New Forest without seeing Beaulieu village. None the less, after two decades of motoring and the rise of a new generation, to say nothing of the array of those who have owned cars for the first time since, and because of, the war, there are now legions of motorists who know nothing of the early days of the movement, or of the great part which was borne in its development by the present Lord of Beaulieu Manor.

It is not too much to say that, as the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., he was the head and forefront of English motoring during its most critical years, when cars themselves had to be perfected, the prejudices of a horse-loving people overcome, and the fierce hostility of Parliament to be fought inch by inch.

*The Cloisters
and the
entrance to
the Chapter
House.*



The future Lord Montagu was not only a born sportsman but a born mechanic also, and went through the shops of the L. & S.W. Railway,



The modern staircase of Palace House.

and became an expert locomotive engine driver. The advantages of mechanical road locomotion appealed to him from the first, and by his personal adoption of the automobile as a new means of transport he taught his compeers not only that a motor-car was a practicable vehicle, but also that it was one which a gentleman could drive. It is quite conceivable, indeed, that but for his example, seconded by that of the Hon. C. S. Rolls, the owner-driver

would not have taken the lead in British motoring, and that for the most part the driving of a car would have been regarded as analogous to that of the railway engine. As it was, however, the amateur owner was for long the mainstay of the movement, both in respect of the evolution of the improved car and of participation in sporting events.

The scene of these contests was, of course, on the Continent, where automobilism was in a much more advanced state than at home, and a distinction of which Lord Montagu is not unreasonably proud is the fact that he was the first Englishman to race in France on an English car. In the Paris-Ostend race of 1899 he ran third on his 12 h.p. Daimler, with solid tyres, and on one section of the route he averaged 31 miles an hour with four people up. We can afford to smile in 1920 at these figures, but in 1899 they were deemed not a little formidable.

This same car, driven by the owner, along with another 12 h.p. Daimler, went all through the memorable Thousand

*The north-east
front of Palace
House, and
(below) a
picturesque
view through the
Clock Tower
gate-way.*



Miles Trial of 1900, from London to Bath, Manchester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Lincoln, Nottingham, and back to London. The actual travelling occupied about a fortnight, and for those days it was not bad going.

Not long after this Mr. Scott Montagu, as he then was, acquired a 24 h.p. Daimler, which was the largest car that up to then emanated from Coventry, and on which he drove King Edward the Seventh through the New Forest. Then came a 22 h.p. Daimler, on which he com-

peted in the speed trials held in 1903 in Phoenix Park, Dublin. In 1906 Lord Montagu drove a 40 h.p. Daimler with success in the Herkomer Trophy contest, and gained a gold medal.

There was always

one characteristic, by the way, about his driving which is not typical of every motorist. Although possessed of as alert and eager a temperament as ever a man had, he had never aught but the most complete sympathy with his engine, and knew exactly what it could do. The term "careful driver" has come to signify one who takes pains to avoid accident, just as the "considerate" driver is one who refrains from causing annoyance to other users of the road; but while Lord Montagu has invariably displayed these qualities to the full he has also manifested the much rarer quality of being careful and considerate of the machine itself, and to sit by his side when driving the none too tractable engines of twenty or fifteen years ago was an education in itself.

While member for the New Forest division of Hampshire he was the champion of the motorist's rights in the House of Commons, and fought the undesirable clauses of the Motor Car Act line by line in the committee stage. He was mainly instrumental, moreover, in securing the passing of the special Act which authorised the Gordon Bennett Cup race in Ireland in 1903. Great efforts had been made to prevent the race being held, and King Edward VII. summoned the then Mr. Montagu to Buckingham Palace to discuss the matter with him. Immediately afterwards His Majesty appended his signature to the Act.

Enough has been said to show that the owner of Palace House is a motoring pioneer in every sense of the term, who has not only championed the cause of mechanical road



One of the many Gothic windows.

Lord Montagu at the wheel of his 1920 seven-inch tyred Rolls-Royce.



A view of Palace House across the lake. The extent of the grounds is one acre short of ten thousand.



locomotion in Parliament from the earliest days, but was a leading factor in combating the prejudices of the country gentry at a time when the British sportsman regarded the horse as one of the chief necessities of existence.

As for Palace House itself, its associations are not such as attach to an ancient stronghold, but are bound up with the once stately Abbey of Beaulieu, which was founded by King John in A.D. 1204, for thirty monks of the Cistercian Order. The place was originally known as Bellus Locus Regis, Bellus Locus, or Beaulieu at option, but has since known numerous changes of spelling, e.g., Beaulieu, Bewley, Bewly, and, as recently as 1739, Beauliu.

The lower drawing room at Beaulieu. The Gothic architecture, which is a feature of the house, is repeated in the arched ceiling.

The monks pursued their avocations here in peace until the year 1539, when the abbey buildings were for the most part destroyed by order of King Henry VIII. Hurst Castle, Calshot Castle, and two large blockhouses at Cowes were constructed from the stones and lead of the dismantled abbey.

Among the buildings of the abbey, however, that were spared were the Refectory, which forms the site of the present parish church, the Domus, or house of the lay brothers, and some portions of the great gate house. The last-named was converted into a private residence by Sir Thomas Wriothesley, to whom King Henry VIII. sold the Manor of Beaulieu in 1539. He was created Earl of Southampton in 1547, but the title became extinct in 1667, as the fourth earl left three daughters but no male issue. The eldest daughter married Baron Montagu, afterwards Duke of Montagu. The second Duke, however, had no sons, but one of his two daughters married Henry Hussey, afterwards created Lord Beaulieu of Beaulieu in 1762, and Earl of Beaulieu in 1784. The other daughter married the Earl of Cardigan, for whom the title of Duke of Montagu was revived in 1784. The Earl of Beaulieu died without issue in 1802, and the Manor passed to Elizabeth, daughter of Mary, Duchess of Montagu. Elizabeth

married the third Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Henry John Douglas Scott, the second son of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, succeeded to the Montagu estates of Beaulieu, Ditton Park, and Clitheroe Manor, and in 1885 was created the first Baron Montagu of Beaulieu.



A corner of the dining hall and the famous table made from a single piece of wood.

Two of the original entrances to the Abbey, probably for the use of the lay brothers.



Twenty years later he was succeeded by his son, the present owner of Palace House.

It was the first Baron Montagu of Beaulieu who restored Palace House to the form which it now wears, although the wall and moat by which it is surrounded were built in 1704 by the first Duke of Montagu. Whatever is of the 19th century in the restoration of Palace House is in acceptable harmony with the original style, while much of the 13th century structure remains, including fine old dining and drawing

rooms. The dining hall contains a remarkable table, at which thirty people can sit; it was built out of a single piece of wood cut from a tree brought from the Ditton Park estate, and offers of fabulous sums from wealthy Americans who have aspired to transfer it to the other side of the Atlantic have been refused.

Lord Montagu, in 1909, undertook as a labour of love the restoration of the Domus, and to such good effect that the interior is declared to be unquestionably the most beautiful of its kind in England.

During the war Lord Montagu acted as Adviser on Mechanical Transport to the Government of India, but is now enjoying the peace time possession of a 1920 Rolls-Royce. He was a member of the Road Board from 1909 to 1919, and is a Vice-President of the Royal Automobile Club.



*The open-ended
Galloway frame,
showing the anti-
rolling device.*

IMPORTANT things are trivial and trivialities important when it comes to criticising a motor-car. One knows that, say, a Napier, Daimler, Rolls-Royce, or whate'er it be, is all right in the important matters affecting mechanical efficiency; therefore, for the ordinary prospective purchaser they become trivialities to be accepted without question. But the shape of a door-handle, the colour of upholstery, the position of the headlamp switch, and so forth, may loom so large in the growing disfavour with which they are regarded as to completely overshadow the sterling worth of apparently more important points.

Hence I say that everyone—manufacturers and purchasers alike—should pay quite as much attention to the small things as to the large. In most cases the basic design of a car is settled and proven for all time, and its continued production more or less a matter of repetition. But from time to time a new door-handle will be adopted; a fresh type of leather substitute—how I detest the stuff!—used, or for some reason or other the position of the switchboard changed.

Little things; but in regard to the last point, allow me to say that I make a practice at night of switching out the headlamps momentarily when meeting another car, and take an instant dislike to a car on which I have to reach across to the far side of the instrument board for the switch. Incidentally, I find it very hard to maintain a truly Christian spirit when the other driver does not return the compliment. However—

I made several tours of both shows—in no spirit of carping criticism, but with the doctrine of the importance of trivialities at the back of my mind—and found some things I didn't like; also, some I did. I greatly admire the Belsize car, for instance, both for its performance on the road and for its design, but I did not like the standard protuberance on its radiator. It seems to call for the surgeon's knife; and, while I can quite imagine that the persuasive eloquence of a salesman combined with the real merit of the car might induce me to invest in a specimen, I feel quite sure that I should never become reconciled to that "growth."

I noticed on the Kingsbury Junior car a little point that further emphasises the importance of watching trivialities with more than ordinary closeness. It is a car in which economy has necessarily been studied, with the result that the standard equipment apparently—if one may judge from a show model—includes a single headlamp. Quite enough, doubtless, on a small car; but why not fix it where all its light will shine down the road, instead of illuminating the whole of the top of the bonnet, the radiator filler and badge or mascot, thus nullifying the effect of whatever light does reach the road?

SOME THINGS WE

Usually "show reports" consist either of plain statements of technical facts or mere eulogistic notices. Things that are worthy of praise are worthy of comment, undoubtedly; but should

Novelty is attractive to everyone, especially at a motor show, and when it carries economy in its train, and consequently the "Unit No. 1" and Rubury-Lindsay chassis came in for a lot of attention. But I am still worried about one point in each chassis. The cable steering of the former, for instance, although ingeniously designed, does not arouse any feelings of confidence; while the apparent angularity of the propeller shaft of the latter on the lower and reverse gears seems absolutely unmechanical.

One does not deliberately drive through universals, surely; I had always regarded such joints more as a provision against the accidental deflection of a shaft from a straight line caused by the action of the springs, in the same way that the differential is in use only when required. The whole idea of a direct drive on top speed is to do away with the unnecessary frictional losses and noise caused by driving through a train of gears; and I cannot think that the increasing angularity of the Rubury-Lindsay shaft as the gear-ratio is lowered is practical.



The Belsize Radiator and its protuberance.

DID NOT LIKE.

By ROBERT W. BEARE.

our mouths be hermetically sealed, or our pens taken away from us, when we find points that we do not like? Emphatically, no! Sometimes, of course, such matters are merely questions of taste.

To come back to appearances again, I noticed a terribly trivial, but, to me, glaring instance on the Napier—simply that the little hand-wheel by which the spare wheel is fixed firmly on its bracket is left open and roughly finished on its face. The fineness of the Napier chassis and coachwork is surely worthy of something better than that.

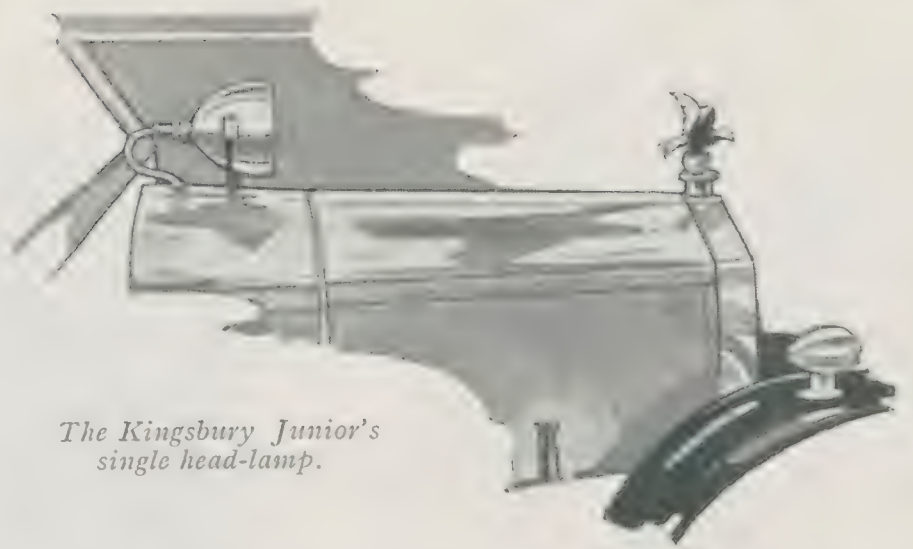
Then, again, shutters have been adopted on Straker-Squire and Sunbeam radiators, following the example of Hudson, Essex and other cars. The idea was only tentatively adopted on the Sunbeam at the show, apparently; but while one admires the progressiveness of all these firms, why in the name of all that is suitable should an elegant radiator be spoilt by the fitting of the shutters outside? The Hudson and other American cars are excused; their makers have to deal with very much lower temperatures than those which trouble us; but I am quite certain that in England the purpose would be served by putting the shutters inside, under the bonnet.

The Straker-Squire thermostatic control, by the way, is wonderfully simple and neatly fitted; if any temperature control is used, it should be varied automatically by the engine as in this case.

The Ryner-Wilson—a car which embodied in its own chassis as many novel points as there were in the whole of the rest of the show—had a similar idea differently



*The Napier
spare-wheel
fastener.*



*The Kingsbury Junior's
single head-lamp.*

carried out. In this case it consisted of a butterfly throttle in the upper connecting pipe between engine and radiator. It was hand-controlled, however, and I maintain that it would be better if the control were automatic.

The new Phoenix chassis was a splendid example of the modern automobile engineer's skill, and I honestly can't find a bone to pick with the little Galloway. Both annoyed me, however, by having open-ended chassis at the rear. They are amply stayed, it is true; and, anyway, it's a point one cannot notice when the body is in position. But I prefer the finished appearance of the more conventional design seen in the smaller Phoenix.

I wonder if most people paid particular attention to the springing of the Moller? I did not like the shock-absorbers—a term one uses for want of a more adequate description. The idea of a shock-absorber is to check the rebound after a spring has been compressed by a road shock, but these, as far as I could see, would have an effect—if any—exactly opposite.

Among the things I *did* like, maybe the price of the 20 h.p. 6-cylinder Maibohm all-weather coupé, with English coachwork, at £750, is the most important. Perhaps the body was not absolutely of the highest class; perhaps, also, the extreme moderation of the price is not evidence of a general tendency towards reduction, but it's very encouraging.

I admired particularly the extreme cleanliness of design of the 27 h.p. six-cylinder S.P.A. engine and in slightly lesser degree that of the Hispano-Suiza and Leyland "eight." But I didn't stop to inquire whether remaking a water joint on the road was exactly pleasant in any of these cases!

(See also illustrations on pages 8 and 9.)

THE PROBLEM OF THE PLUG.

THE motor-owner in search of an efficient sparking plug has a difficult problem to face, for plugs are many and the general standard of efficiency is high. At the same time, the plug that will give good service in one engine is not necessarily satisfactory in a motor of a different type, so that it will probably pay to select a plug made by a firm, such as the Mercury Co., of Birmingham, who do not merely make one plug alleged to be suitable for all engines, but who have studied the quite varied needs of all types. Production also enters into the question to a large extent, and the fact that a plug, to quote the Mercury again, is being turned out at the rate of about 30,000 a week is a guarantee not only of economical manufacture and reasonable price, but also that the article has been thoroughly tested.

We have before us an excellent catalogue of Mercury plugs, and seriously advise anyone who has had trouble at least to obtain a copy. It will quite likely help them out of their difficulty.

*The world is a-wheel,
and goodness knows it
ought to run smoothly!*

Mr. Robert Crossley, of the Talbot-Darracq combination. His outlook on the present augurs well for the future of the industry, and he ought to know, for he's a pioneer.



Queenie Thomas is quite at home in front of the camera!

Yes, it was a splendid show, but how can one choose from among so many fine cars?



George Mozart's a trifle worried—about that pound per horse-power tax, perhaps? We have seen him looking happier.



THE WORD'S A But the "men and women" ar

There's a lot of talk—and rightly—about petrol, and about the increased taxation

But "The Motor Owner," in of his stroll round town no diminution the number



A trio of great potentialities—the Sunbeam aero racing car, with its designer, alongside, and Dario Resta, the racing driver,

WORD'S A STAGE.

men and women " are mostly motorists.

talk—and rightly—about the price of cars and the increased taxation to be inaugurated shortly.

at "The Motor Owner," in the course of his stroll round town, notices the diminution of the number of cars.

Miss K. Wilmot, daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, assists in her father's racing stable. She certainly knows how to sit a horse.



Cub-hunting is a popular pastime in its season in the neighbourhood of Twyford.



Mrs. R. Parker at the wheel of her smart two-seater. That vacant seat just cries aloud.

A study in expressions. Fido is apparently not convinced of the photographer's integrity.



Mr. J. E. Price, of Angus-Sandersons, whose great services were signally rewarded at the Motor Show.



Lord Allenby would be the first to admit the great part played by automobiles in the war. He is seen here in a Sunbeam staff car—a familiar vehicle on every front—at the gates of Jerusalem.



Lady Wildon and her son take a stroll.



unbeam aeroplanes racing car, with Louis Coatalen, Mario Resta, the racing driver, at the wheel.

THE RUGBY GAME.—By E. H. D. SEWELL.

A Few Suggestions for Possible National Fifteens.

In regard to the coming great 'Varsity day at Queen's, Mr. Sewell finds it hazardous to express an opinion as to the result. He says, however, in view of the comparative equality of the two teams, that the side with the faster and straighter running backs, who run and don't kick, should win. That side promises to be Cambridge.

AT the hour of sitting down—not before a comfy fire, since where I am, on the South Coast, the weather is infinitely preferable to that of the Riviera or Madeira—to write this article, things are taking shape in the Rugger world, and pointing to, at any rate, a confounding of the forecasts upon which I ventured when writing last in these columns. I see a coming look in the eye of Scots Rugby football for one thing, and I do not see enough of the right kind of big forward in English footer, which otherwise has plenty of the right material. Wales will have a good fifteen, may, indeed, break the record at Twickenham next month. That record, let us remember, is that England has yet to lose there to Wales, Ireland, France or Scotland, and of the four, Ireland, with a drawn game, has, on result, been nearest to the desired goal. It is now many weeks before the Trials, though the Welsh Union, bent on that record, is holding a series of preliminary Trials, a new thing in her football history; but a few suggestions of possible National XV's may not be uninteresting. Last season's final "order" was: England, Scotland and Wales tied for first place, then came France a good second, and Ireland a rather poor last. Taking them in that order, here are suggested teams.

England: B. S. Cumberlege, W. Olivier, or C. N. Evan Thomas (full back); C. N. Lowe, E. Hammett, E. Myers, P. K. Albertijn, S. W. Harris, L. J. Corbett, J. A. Krige (three-quarters); C. A. Kershaw, W. J. A. Davies, J. van Schalckwijk, V. G. Davies, S. G. U. Considine (halves);

W. W. Wakefield, F. W. Mellish, T. Halloran, T. Woods, H. L. G. Hughes, A. T. Voyce, V. H. Neser, R. Cove-Smith, G. S. Conway, A. P. B. Roberts, Loriston-Clarke, A. F. Blakiston, P. H. Lawless, H.

Lieut. C. A. Kershaw, R.N., of United Services. This player is considered certain, failing loss of form or accident, to gain his international cap during the season.

F. Waldock, H. J. White (forwards).

Scotland:—C. F. K. Watson, D. M. Houston (full back); A. Browning, E. B. Mackay, D. D. B. Cook, E. C. Fahmy, R. M. Scobie, P. A. MacIntosh (three-quarters); J. A. R. Selby, A.

Scott, E. C. Fahmy (halves); C. M. Usher, D. D. Duncan, G. Thom, F. Kennedy, G. H. H. Maxwell, N. Macpherson, R. A. Gallie, D. Orr-Ewing, Loriston-Clarke (if not chosen by England), W. D. C. L. Purves, R. H. C. Usher, G. H. Hedderwick (forwards).

Wales:—J. Rees (full back); A. E. J. Holland, A. Jenkins, J. Shea, R. A. Cornish, R. Evans, H. Graham Davies, M. G. Thomas (three-quarters); J. Wether, F. Reeves, J. C. M. Lewis (halves); J. Whitfield, T. Parker, H. Uzzell, G. Oliver, J. Williams, S. Morris, J. Jones, R. Huxtable, E. Morgan (forwards).

Ireland:—W. D. Doherty, B. A. T. MacFarland, W. J. Cullen, and twelve others.

I have italicised the names of players whom I consider certain, failing loss of form or accident, to gain their international caps during this season. Other more or less unknowns, especially from the Durham, Cumberland, Northumberland regions which, thanks to the profiteers and the miners, I have not been able to visit this season, may crop up during the Trial matches, but so far as I have seen, the men named are the match-winner type, though England is not well off for forwards. Scotland and Wales, on the other hand, are, and February 5th at Swansea is going to be a braw fecht indeed.

In club football we may as well anticipate the final London placings to be rather after this fashion:—(1) Guys; (equal 2) Blackheath and London Scottish; (3) Richmond; (equal 4) Harlequins, Old Alleynians, Old Merchant Taylors. Guy's have a great nucleus of South Africans, and are splendidly led by the best captain in London, W. D. Doherty, of Dulwich, Cambridge and Ireland. Their Colonial contingent is fortified by the arrival this year of W. Albertijn, who has played for the Stellenbosch club. It was rather lucky for Blackheath that this strong left wing arrived only on the Friday before their Saturday match with Guy's, which Guy's lost by a try to nil after having the better of the game on the whole. Albertijn, playing in new surroundings alongside strange players, was a different player, well though he played, from what he is likely to be when he gets used to English grounds and our "way" of playing Rugger.

I have included South Africans among possibles for English caps, since the choices last season of the Selection Committee leave no option on that score. They played F. W. Mellish, the first forward of worth I "spotted" in the first match I saw last season—and he was then quite unknown—in every match. They played J. A. Krige, of Guy's, against Wales; both are South Africans. They also played S. W. Harris, who "finished" his football in South Africa after beginning it at Bedford, and who is out there now, though returning in December, if not sooner. The case of D. D. Duncan, the Oxford captain, capped in every match by the Scots selectors, is not on all fours with those of Mellish, Krige and Harris. Scots Rugby pays rather more attention to the parentage of Colonials than does English Rugby, and if Duncan is qualified for any of our Home Unions it is obviously for that one for which he



has played, and will play again many times, I have no doubt. Krige, whether you pronounce his name our way, viz., Kreeger, or *à la* Taal Kricker, with a twist of the tongue and throat, has in no sense an English name. His qualification is believed to be one of residence only, and inasmuch as there is no fixed residential term of qualification for the national caps of our Home Unions it was open to any of the four to choose him if so inclined. Thus objectors to Albertijn, Naser or Van Schalckwijk as eligibles for English caps have no case unless and until the Rugby Union declares *bona fide* South Africans to be ineligible henceforth. This qualification question has arisen ere now, but never, perhaps, with quite such prominence as now. It will have to be faced one of these days, and the sooner the policy of drift and leave things as they are is departed from, the better.

In concluding this article, which, written many weeks before the 'Varsity match, appears shortly before the great day at Queen's, viz., December 7th, it is hazardous, to say the least of it, to express an opinion as to the probable winner. At first I was much disposed to regard

Cadet T. L. B. Tennent (R.M.A., Woolwich) gets the ball, on the left; while on the right G. F. Wood (Oxford) puts his weight into it.



Oxford in that light, but upon further consideration I fancy Cambridge may train on. It is highly probable the two packs will be about equal, and that means that the side with the faster and straighter running backs, *who run and don't kick*, should win at Queen's. That side (at the end of October) promises to be Cambridge, especially now that V. H. Naser, of Oxford, has broken his collar bone, and other Oxford players are rather brittle.



C. F. K. Watson, of Cambridge, whom Mr. Sewell suggests as a member of the Scottish XV.



P. A. Batty (Cambridge) has no grudge against the ball, but he's determined to make it travel!



V. H. Naser (Oxford) is not indulging in the Highland Fling; we've got him in the act of taking a place-kick.



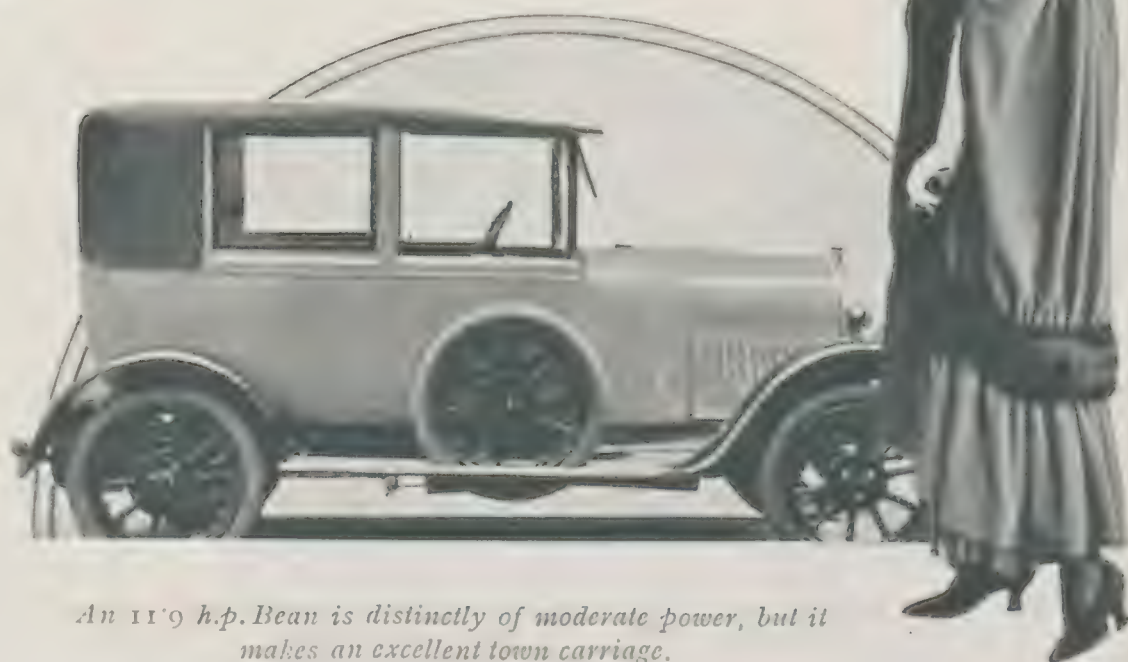
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Two Examples of Different Types for those who wish to Conduct their Motoring Economically



The Grahame-White Cycle-Car proves our contention. For less than £200 it is possible to acquire an excellent two-seater which, while neither very luxurious nor fast, will do all that is required of it. With regard to luxury, people who profess to look down upon the cycle-car would most likely be surprised at the admirable road qualities possessed by the better examples. A Grahame-White car, by the way, will be awarded as the principal prize in the "Lucky Dip" at the Advertising Exhibition at the White City.

It depends largely upon the type of car one wants, but even with the high prices that are ruling for most commodities it is possible to obtain an inexpensive motor-car. The car between 10 and 15 h.p., such as the Bean illustrated below, is likely to prove more popular than ever, especially in view of the increased taxation which comes into force on January 1st, 1921.



An 11.9 h.p. Bean is distinctly of moderate power, but it makes an excellent town carriage.



A pass-out from the scrum at the recent match between Guy's and Blackheath. An authoritative discussion of Rugby football prospects from the pen of Mr. E. H. D. Sewell appears on pages 18 and 19.



Reg. No. 10

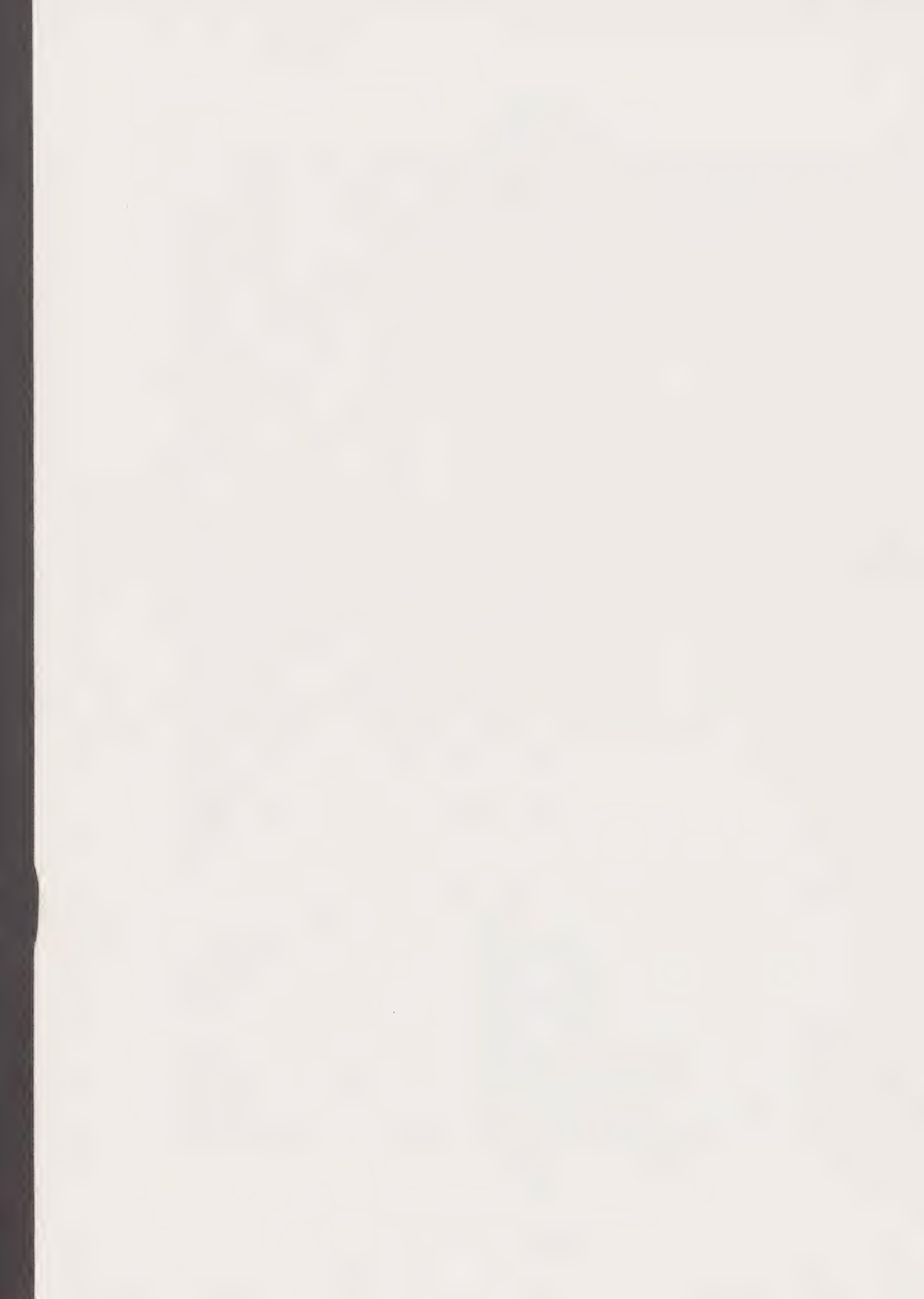
"Napier"

H. T. VANE, ESQ., C.B.E.



“Packard”

MR. STEPHEN JOHNSON



THIS MONTH'S CARTOONS.

Mr. H. T. Vane, of Napier's; and Mr. Stephen Johnson, of Packard's.

IT was with considerable interest that we recently interviewed Mr. H. T. Vane, C.B.E., for many years associated with the car that has done so much effective spade-work in popularising the six-cylinder type.

"Captains of Industry" always merit our respect, for the public owe them a debt greater than they realise for their ingenuity and executive ability.

Mr. H. T. Vane may fairly rank as a leader in the automobile world. In it he has spent many years of his active life. He has, moreover, achieved much, whether in reputation for organising ability, for keenness to anticipate the public mind, or for an enviable insight into the complex factors involved in the relations of a great manufacturing concern with its clients.

We have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Vane for many years, and to anyone who has had the same experience it surely is no insignificant achievement, this position he holds—the dual post of controller of both the manufacturing and the sales side alike of the world-embracing Napier organisation.

Alert and incisive, Mr. Vane rapidly sketched for us his life's history. His first entry into business was in connection with the great House of Dunlop, a firm which he joined in 1894, serving them in the position of sub-manager, being promoted not long after to London manager.

In 1904 he started his connection with the Napier Co. by accepting the secretaryship of Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., the selling representatives of Napier cars.

Later he became general manager, and on the amalgamation of the firms of S. F. Edge, Ltd., and D. Napier and Son, Mr. Vane was appointed general manager, subsequently becoming joint managing director.

Since Mr. Vane succeeded to the managing directorship of the Napier Co. the firm have made rapid strides, and it was under his leadership that the 450 h.p. aero-engine and the 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder car—both remarkable engineering achievements—have been brought to a commercial success.

For, at the outbreak of the recent war, Mr. Vane perceived the urgent need of high-powered aero-engines, and at once set the designing staff preparing a type which, in

addition to giving high power, was particularly light.

A keen business man, Mr. Vane is daily to be found at his desk directing affairs, save when he is attending numerous business committees in connection with the aero and motor industries. His chief pastime is tennis, with interludes for gardening, at both of which he is an enthusiast.

THOUGH handling an American car and surrounded by a staff in which a transatlantic tinge predominates, Mr. Stephen Johnson, general manager of the W. C. Gaunt Company, is thoroughly British. Nay, more; he is Yorkshire, born amongst the hills and dales that have given our country such fine yeoman service.

Still on the sunny side of forty, Mr. Johnson has, nevertheless, many years of extensive business activities to his credit, and prior to taking over the Packard interests in April this year, he was partner in the Standard Automobile Co., of Bradford. Moreover, he is well known in France and the States in commercial circles.

We found Mr. Johnson very engrossed—we were interviewing him on his stand at the White City. A continuous queue of people claimed his attention, amongst them being a potentate from India, with his lady and her retinue. However, in spite of the press, we gleaned certain information and some impressions.

He is most enthusiastic; his dictionary does not own the word "can't."

"There's nothing like the Packard," he affirmed with a smile of pardonable pride. "A magnificent chassis and such a style of body that people are inevitably charmed. Can you beat this? Could you even equal it?"—pointing with pride to the most expensive car in the show, a Packard interior-drive saloon, of which the front passenger's seat is so admirably balanced as to lift up at the touch of a finger to allow entrance to the car. "Or this inlaid satinwood mosaic roof, this self adjusting window . . . ?"

Further cause for his eulogy we found in the fact that no fewer than 40,000 Packard "twin sixes" have so far been purchased by appreciative owners in the United States.

Later we gathered that Mr. Johnson had been for something like three years president of the Bradford Light Car Club, into which he characteristically threw the whole of his energies. Numerous trophies stand to his credit, and he has competed successfully in cycle, motor cycle, and car events of various sorts. His last trophy was gained in the six hundred miles reliability trial of 1914.

From such sporting peace-time activities his energies were suddenly directed to the claims of Mars, for with the outbreak of war he volunteered for active service. Thus he was to be found, with the rank of captain, in charge of a personnel of four hundred and fifty men, engaged in the transport of wounded, of material, of hospital stores, and the hundred and one jobs that fell to the M.T. and the R.A.M.C.



These illustrations are reductions from the full-page coloured cartoons of Mr. Vane (left) and Mr. Johnson which are presented with this number of "The Motor-Owner."

THE OWNER-DRIVER'S CAR.

There is no reason why every car should not be so designed that an owner having little mechanical knowledge would have slight difficulty in maintaining it himself. In the meantime it is not so in very many cases, and the author here tells us of a few points that should be looked for in the true owner-driver's car.

WHILE we speak of this or that car as eminently suitable for an owner-driver, there is probably no vehicle on the market which could not be improved by a designer who kept before him as the prime consideration the needs of this class of owner. It may be profitable, perhaps, to give the subject our attention and try to arrive at a few definite points of desirability in such a car.

In the first place, of what power should the car be? As a matter of fact, I don't think this matters much; it is essentially a question to be settled by the purchaser's purse and the purposes for which the car is required. If he wants it for quite average use and is not set upon the possession of great speed capabilities, 15.9 h.p. will probably meet all his needs; but at the same time a 40-50 h.p. may be quite suitable designed along the right lines, while an 11.9 car may be nothing but a source of trouble.

The main thing in an automobile which its owner proposes to maintain with a minimum of outside assistance is that it should retain an appearance of comparative respectability in spite of a certain amount of neglect, and that the necessary attentions to its mechanical parts should be as few in number and as easy to perform as possible.

REGARDING FINISH.

In regard to appearance, I would not have a highly artistic varnished finish; it looks very nice to begin with, but one is always worrying as to damage, and eventually the coachwork will look much shabbier than even a rough works-grey body—which latter, anyway, can always be touched up with little trouble. The car should have long, sweeping lines with the largest possible area of plain surfaces, to facilitate cleaning, and with a total lack of crevices, excrescences and mouldings to harbour dirt and complicate the process. Lamps, if not painted to match the car, should be nickelled and of the plainest pattern, but in any case the less metalwork there is to clean the better. That the hood should be of the modern one-man type, either disappearing into a cavity in the body or contained, when not in use, in an easily-fitted cover, goes without saying. Incidentally, however, in all the cars I have tried during the past year I have not yet discovered a hood-cover that is easily fitted. To be neat the cover must be a tight fit, and the result is a difficult task to replace it satisfactorily. Another point to be noted is that this cover should be of very dark—even black—material, since there is not much purpose in protecting the hood itself if the cover soils easily. It is a trivial point, but a sufficient number of such trivialities may make all the difference in the owner-driver's car.

One little job that the owner has to perform with fair frequency is the replenishment of the fuel tank; therefore, let him see that not only is the orifice in a convenient position, but that it is of ample dimensions. A funnel is an awkward implement to pack in the tool locker, and in any case it should not be necessary to carry one if a gauze filter is fitted in the filling orifice. Much the same remarks apply to the oil filler; one cannot afford at the present price of oil—apart from the mess it makes of an otherwise clean engine—to spill as much lubricant as one succeeds

in pouring into the sump. All too many cars, even today, suffer from an awkwardly placed oil filler.

The water filler, perhaps, does not matter so much, since water is still cheap and of much the same quality as pre-war H₂O, but at the same time one is inclined to envy the trough arrangement of the new Daimlers, especially if one's radiator is particularly tall. It is then often a matter of considerable effort to fill up unless one is patient and uses a domestic milk jug or watering can.

AUTOMATIC LUBRICATION.

Perhaps the worst task of all which the owner-driver has to perform is the general lubrication of the chassis. He can have it done at the local garage, of course, but that is scarcely playing the game. Accessibility of all greasers, therefore, is vital. Preference might be given to a car with an automatic lubricating system covering every detail down to the shackle pins, or, failing that, to one designed for the use of oil throughout, rather than grease. That, however, is a matter of choice, and in any case it is impossible to find every desirability embodied in one chassis. In this connection, the increasing use of self-lubricating bearings may be noted.

While on the subject of lubrication, it is as well to note the position and legibility of the oil-level indicator, if one is fitted. A crude arrangement is often used by which one withdraws a metal rod from the base chamber and guesses the amount of oil from the marks on the rod. In other cases a glass indicator is fitted—sometimes so low down on the base as to be of practically no service.

Petrol indicators are seldom particularly accurate, although after using a car for a while one gets to be able to guess that when the indicator reads "empty" there is enough petrol left to carry one another ten miles; or that when it says "quarter empty" it is time to get some more petrol at once. The best plan—and every car should be so fitted—is a two-way tap with inlets in the tank drawing from two different levels. Then, when the main supply runs dry, there is always enough fuel to carry one on to the next town.

LIGHTING DIFFICULTIES.

Another small point is in connection with the electric lighting dynamo. Many cars—we will name no names—have been turned out with a dynamo which *must* be switched off when the engine is not running, since otherwise it will run as a motor and quickly exhaust the accumulators. One should have sufficient intelligence, I admit, to attend to so obvious a detail; but the less that is left to chance the better is the owner-driver's car: and I have a recollection of driving into a London railway terminus and leaving the dynamo on, the noise of trains and traffic killing the slight sound of the revolving generator. Some kind but unknown friend switched off during my absence, otherwise I might have encountered lighting difficulties before reaching home.

Perhaps, however, the most important thing of all is the tyres, from everyone's point of view, and especially from that of the owner-driver. Detachable wheels or rims, or, better still, detachable wheels with easily demountable rims, are a necessity. For an ordinary day's



ROLLS-ROYCE

5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Sept. 28th, 1920

Dear ———

The following letter has been received by one of the Directors of ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., from The Rt. Hon. Earl Buxton, G.C.M.G., late High Commissioner and Governor-General of South Africa.

You may like to know how the ROLLS-ROYCE (Colonial type) that your Company built for me in 1914 has behaved.

I took the car out to South Africa in August, 1914, and it has been continuously and freely in use for six years on roads good, indifferent and bad—the two latter greatly predominating.

It has not once been necessary to have the car overhauled or sent to hospital.

I dare say it will be all the better for an overhauling and cleaning now; but it goes just as well as ever and has been a great success.

Yours sincerely,

BUXTON

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1

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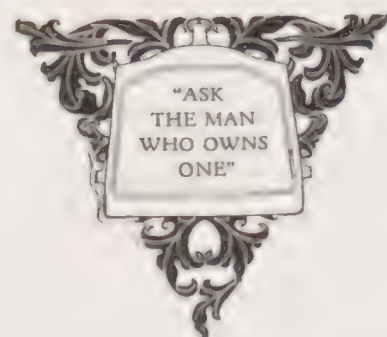


CARNIVAL!—What pictures of enchantment the very word conjures up in the mind! The merry, struggling multitudes, kaleidoscopic and ever changing in an abandon of reckless gaiety; its riot of colour; its mimic battle of flowers, its weapons a cascade of rose petals perfuming the soft night air; the clash of music mingled with the clamour of tongues; the blaze of many coloured lights and the deep purple shadows, contrasting vividly with the calm stillness of the summer's night.

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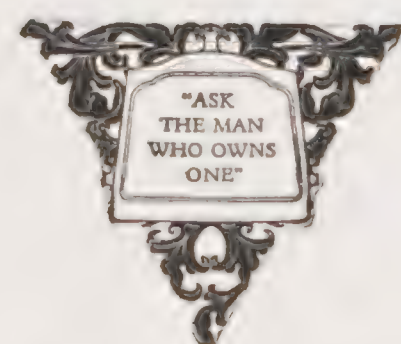
Packard





But one touch is yet wanting to complete the picture, and it is supplied by the arrival of the Queen of the Revels—not drawn, as of yore, by milk-white steeds, and attended by her court of beauty, but—as is more fitting in these ultra-modern times—the chariot of her choice is a **PACKARD TWIN SIX**. More fitting, because, wherever distinction counts for anything, wherever exclusiveness in personal taste is to be found, and wherever the crowning touch to any scene, however gorgeous, is lacking, the choicest of all cars, **THE PACKARD TWIN SIX** supplies it.

Packard

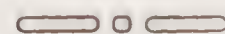


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THAT CYLINDER HEAD!

By W. HAROLD JOHNSON.

With the growing tendency to cover up all working parts and to obtain a cleanly appearing engine at all costs, accessibility sometimes suffers. Mr. Johnson tells of an experience with a detachable cylinder head; he was lucky in having only two cylinders to deal with.

HOW many newly published specifications contain the attractive little phrase "easily detachable cylinder head"! The detachable cylinder head is now quite the thing on all sorts and sizes of cars—from the de luxe two-thousand-guinea chassis to the little air-cooled cycle-car.

With the former I am not directly concerned for reasons that are so unpleasant that I will pass over them at once. But the detachable cylinder head on the small car is often an amusing thing, and it is one which has a feature that is apt to escape the notice of those whose experience of a car is limited to a few hundred miles.

A few months ago I took delivery of an air-cooled car having detachable cylinder heads, and I chose that car from others that were available because I was very pleasantly impressed with the general simplicity of design and accessibility of all those parts that needed to be accessible.

THREE HOURS PER CYLINDER!

That little air-cooled car of mine had covered nearly 3,000 miles before I set to work to decarbonise it. It was shameful neglect I know, but the neglect was not altogether accidental, as I wanted to find out any weaknesses that existed in the car, and realised that the best means of doing so was to give the car the absolute minimum of necessary running attention. And so one fine evening I set to work to decarbonise the two cylinder heads. Looking at the job I mentally set aside half an hour per head. Actually it took me well over three hours to do one cylinder only, and the other is still waiting in silent protest until I shall have similar time at my disposal in which to attack it.

The head is held in position by four nuts screwed on to holding-down studs which pass through the cylinder barrel

flanges and incidentally held the cylinder barrel itself in position. It took me three minutes to remove those four nuts, another minute sufficed for the induction pipe union and the sparking plug, and then, after the exhaust pipe had been taken off, the cylinder head would be ready to come away—but that exhaust pipe is the point of the story!

NIL DESPERANDUM!

The pipe is attached to the cylinder head by a retaining sleeve which screws into the head and is split at its other extremity. Into the split portion the exhaust pipe proper is pushed and held in position by a split collar tightened up by the usual nut and bolt. The retaining collar was easily loosened, and then the exhaust pipe should have been quite easily pulled out of the split sleeve. I tried for three-quarters of an hour all the orthodox and unorthodox means ever suggested to remove that exhaust pipe.

Finally I was compelled to adopt a treatment that would have driven the designer into hysterics had he seen me. I lifted the cylinder head above its four projecting studs with the exhaust pipe still attached to it. This took something like half an hour, for much loosening of apparently insignificant connections was necessary before anything could be done, and the exercise of a considerable amount of force on components where force was not advisable was absolutely essential.

Having got the cylinder head into a free position, I had to unscrew it from the exhaust pipe retaining sleeve. Finally it came away, and then I took the exhaust pipe with its retaining sleeve on to the bench and after half an hour's solid hard work managed to get the sleeve away. A hammer and chisel were the tools that finally solved the problem.

THE OWNER-DRIVER'S CAR *(Continued from page 22).*

run, given average luck, the tyres will either give no trouble at all, or, at worst, the usual single spare wheel will be sufficient. For a summer tour, however, it is a different matter. One spare wheel probably will *not* be sufficient; and the time may come when the poor owner-driver will have to actually change a tyre on the road. No, perhaps it's not exactly a tragedy. Still, tyre changing is not in the least amusing; and if by a little forethought it is possible to avoid the trouble, so much the better. I, personally, feel much more comfortable with two spare wheels rather than one; and more comfortable still if my car possesses something in the nature of a mechanical engine-operated tyre inflator. As an owner-driver, I insist upon both. Then, supposing one bursts the tyre on the last spare wheel, it is not very difficult, with a demountable wheel, to fit another tyre and tube; and, with

an engine pump, not difficult to inflate it. A few pounds extra spent on these fittings will repay a thousandfold.

One really might write a text-book on the subject of the owner-driver's car, for, properly designed, it is a work of art, and quite a different proposition from the vehicle that is to be chauffeur-driven—that is, from the average car of to-day. As a matter of fact, I don't see why every car should not be designed on what I consider to be owner-driver lines, because even though one pays a man to do those things that one hasn't time, inclination or ability to do one's self, there is no particular reason why his work should be made harder than is necessary. In the meantime, however, every car isn't built that way, and it is primarily up to the owner-driver to choose the car which is going to give him the greatest possible pleasure and service with the least possible trouble. R. W. B.



In the Beautiful Ribble Valley (1st Prize).

Interest in our photographic competition increases month by month to an almost embarrassing extent. We knew that there is an enormous number of amateur photographers in the land, but we didn't think they would *all* enter for this event.

However — remember that you may enter any photograph (preferably of a motoring subject and printed on glossy paper) at any time and from anywhere. The sole condition is that they must be absolutely amateur efforts

The prizes each month consist of articles chosen by the winners to the value of £5 5s., £3 3s., and £1 1s. for the first, second and third prizes respectively. Six consolation prizes also are given.

(See also pages 34, 44 and 45).

By the Windmills of Zaandam (3rd Prize).



The MOTOR OWNER PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

The December Results.

1st Prize:
*Mr. W. H. Bradley,
Preston, Lancs.
"In the beautiful Ribble Valley."*

2nd Prize:
*Mr. E. H. E. Pizey,
Send, Surrey.
"Lodge Gates, Lord Ashburton's
Estate."*

3rd Prize:
*Mr. C. Uchter Knox,
Alton, Hants.
"By the Windmills of
Zaandam."*

Lodge Gates, Lord Ashburton's Estate (2nd Prize).



Consolation Prize: Mr. Eustace H. Wade, Kingston Hill. "On the Devonshire Coast."



ON CHRISTMASSES.

Christmas, after all, is children's time, and whether we ourselves be gay or sad, so long as there are kiddies in the world it is our business as mere grown-ups to make this one day in the year wonderful.

(Illustrated by Gladys Peto.)

WHEN "Good King Wenceslas first looked out" Christmas have been different. lovely description of the "deep and crisp and even." If we a Christmas morning such snow as chance to be is usually "brown and slushy," and more often than not we to a mild, misty morning with a quiet drizzle of rain that might be seasonable in March, so that we withdraw our heads to ponder with some misgiving whether it is worth while sacrificing our new suède shoes in the mud even *pour être belle*.

Small wonder that there is a slump in Christmas cards (the nice, old-fashioned, frosty ones that looked as if the church bells were really covered with snow, and the moon was really shining on the white fields), less wonder still that those who can afford it depart to the Riviera or to Switzerland, according to their opportunities and inclinations. Of course, the war, alas! was responsible for much of the beginning of this tendency to overlook, almost try to forget, Christmas. Inevitable, too, that there must be many to whom Christmases can never be the same again; and yet if we lose sight of the old festival we should find ourselves a sad race really. Christmas, after all, is children's time, and whether we ourselves be gay or sad, so long as there are kiddies in the world it is our business as mere grown-ups to make this one day in the year wonderful. It is our great opportunity to be magicians, and surely it is a poor imagination that would lose such a chance, coming, moreover, only once a year.

Of course, the preparations are half the excitement. The stirring of the pudding is a herald of events some weeks before, and Christmas Eve is the climax of anticipation, through the long day of tying up the parcels, sticking the last links of the coloured paper chains for the day nursery, and fixing up the pieces of holly and mistletoe in the hall. Even the tree in the day nursery is completed at last down to the beautiful fairy on the top, though she usually gives a lot of trouble and refuses to balance, leaning truculently against one of the little red candles, with a nonchalant and don't-careish expression, regardless of the fact that it must mean immediate devastation to her waxen beauty as soon as lighting up time comes. However, at long last she is secured in a more decorous attitude, and long after their usual bed-time the youngsters are finally tucked into their cribs, the last imp taking a wild leap into bed, having made a special investigation as to the safety of his stocking hanging over the fender, "'cos it might fall down and then Santa Claus p'raps wouldn't see it"—a too horrible contingency!

The night nursery door is closed at last. Silence—a little half-smothered gurgle of childish laughter, and then silence once more. It is necessary for people to go to sleep quickly on Christmas Eve for fear Santa Claus should be frightened away. He hates anyone to be awake, of course.

For grown-ups this is usually about the first quiet

Wenceslas mases must Think of that snow lying look out on there may wet and peer out on

minute of the day; the armchair by the day nursery fire looks very inviting, and it seems a pity to turn on the light. The little Christmas tree, too, looks rather fascinating, over on the other side of the hearth, and the red

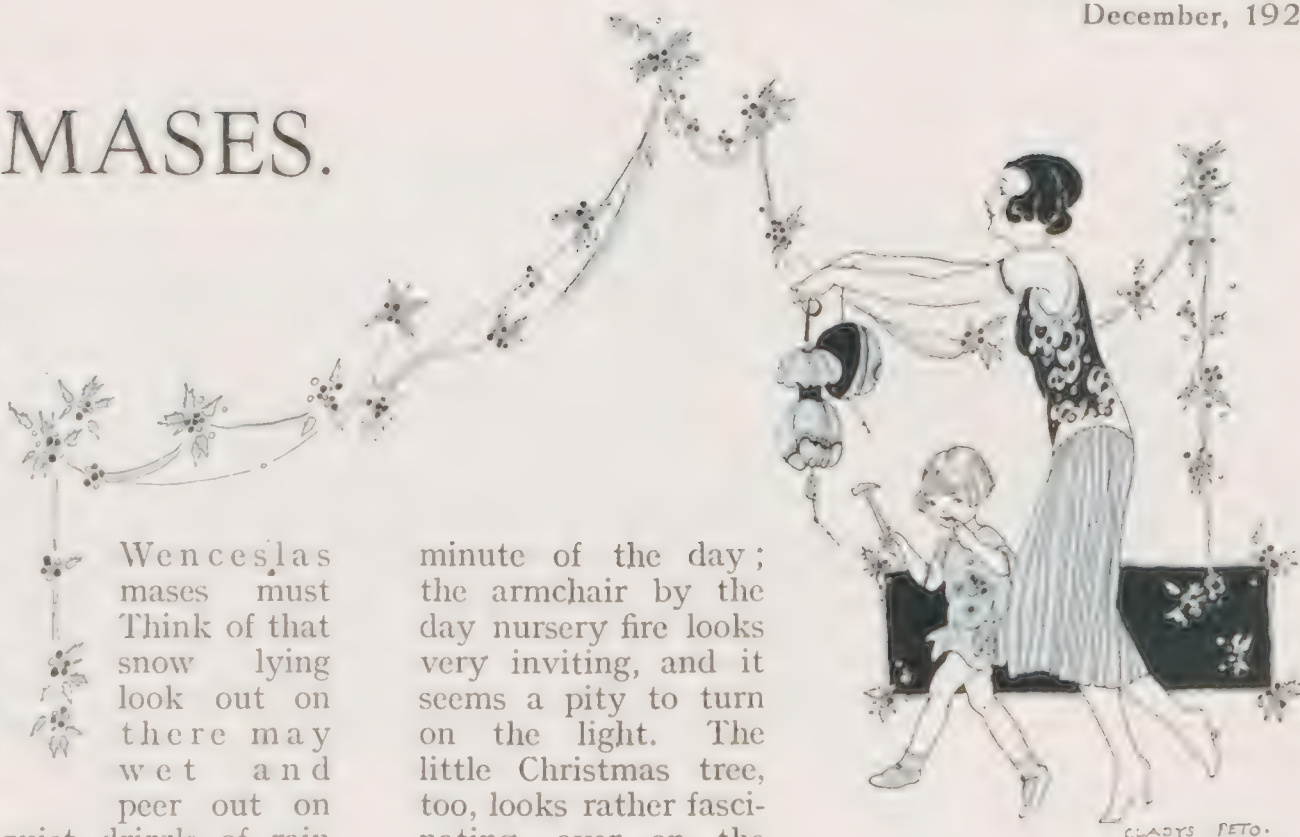
glow from the logs catches a reflection in the coloured glass decorations, and the silver fringe hanging from branch to branch. It is all very peaceful and drowsy and reminds one of such lots of things—so very long ago.

There was the old Hans Andersen fairy story of the little Christmas tree and of its life in the great forest; why surely the logs are smelling just a bit like pine-wood—pine-wood and fir trees and wood smoke. It all brings back a Christmas spent in a little village in the Harz Mountains long ago, and the recollection of forests of such pine trees, snow-laden till their branches were bent nearly to the ground.

There had been a sleighing party up into the mountains; a world of silence and snow, the only sounds to break the stillness being the jingling bells on the horses' harness or the occasional crack of the driver's whip. The mid-day halt at a quaint little hostel had only served to emphasise the isolation; even the wild deer had been driven in to accept shelter and food from this small oasis. For the sleighing party there had been a warm welcome and a steaming meal in the tiny smoke-filled kitchen that soon made one drowsy with its warmth, and left but a hazy recollection of its heavily timbered ceiling, and brass and china laden shelves seen dimly through the blue clouds of tobacco, while through it all tinkled bravely the banjo-like strains of an antique musical-box playing alternately the *Blue Danube* and the *Wacht am Rhein*.

Not the least vivid among the impressions of the day was the drive home again at dusk, on, on, till the moon rose high above the mountains, gleaming ethereally over the landscape and revealing our own little village in the distant valley. It had not needed much lighting up, though, for on drawing near, the narrow little streets were as clear as in the daytime. It was the custom out there for everyone to leave their blinds up on Christmas Eve, and the Christmas trees of rich and poor alike are placed in the windows for all to enjoy. Even the little village church left a welcoming open door, and the glimpse of a Christmas tree could be seen by the passer-by. The effect was certainly very delightful.

It seems rather a pity that we don't do more of the same sort of thing over here, and yet when one thinks of some of Dickens' immortal descriptions there must have been much more whole-hearted festivities than we have now. Think of the Christmas Carol and the wonderful picture of the Cratchetts' dinner; of the brave effort of Mrs. Cratchett's



GLADYS PETO.

"The preparations are half the excitement."

"twice turned" frock that was "gay with ribbons," and of the excitement of the little Cratchetts who "crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shout for goose before their turn came to be helped."

Some say that it is wise to read Dickens in one's early days, and others affirm he can only be appreciated at maturity. I admit my own acquaintance with him began before I could even read to myself, but to this day one of my most vivid recollections is the description of Mr. Fezziwig's ball, the marvellous energy of the fiddler and the romance of "the plump sister with the lace tucker."

The logs fall suddenly together with a little clatter. Good gracious! we must have been asleep or very nearly so. It is probably quite late, it seems so very still outside. No wonder that we dreamed of the mountains and the silence of the snow world. Ah! that was all very long ago—we are older now. It seems chilly; the fire is rather low; we shiver a little.

Then suddenly on the quiet night air there comes the sound of clear boyish voices:—

"The first Noël the angels did say—"

Hackneyed? Yes, if you like, but they sing well at any rate. Let us open the window a minute:—

"In fields as they lay, while keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep."

Oh, no! It is not hackneyed to-night somehow; it is old, perhaps, but it is new to-night, new every Christmas Eve, and we are neither old nor cynical. We are young still; to-morrow is Christmas Day, and not a whit less wonderful than it used to be.

Why, goodness! it must be long past time to fill the stockings. We had almost forgotten about them. Now open the night nursery door—just ever so quietly. LEN.



"Those who can afford it depart to the Riviera."

TWO INTERESTING ACCESSORIES.

CALLING the other day at Messrs. Harmer's Motor Agencies, 10, New Cavendish Street, W., we saw two very interesting accessories. One was the Autovox horn, a road-clearing instrument of a particularly effective sort. Neatly fashioned, somewhat after the style of the once popular hooter, it has a reed which produces a warning that is both powerful and pleasant. To sound the reed air is employed, not supplied by a bulb, however—the design is a great improvement on that.

Forming part of the instrument is a small cylindrical casing containing an air pump, which delivers a steady, unbroken wind-current as long as one likes. Driving this pump is a small electric motor, also contained in the instrument, the whole affair being just a handy size for a car.

The Autovox is made in two types, one being driven off the flywheel, the other—which we have described—depending for its motive power on a 12-volt battery. Where electric lighting is used on the car, however, this battery is not required. The device may be obtained in

either brass or nickel plate, the respective prices being £9 10s. and £10 10s.

The other accessory is the Vacuumeter, a nicely finished indicator somewhat similar to a speedometer in size. Intended for use with a petrol feed that operates by vacuum, this instrument has four purposes. On its dial there are four apertures, each giving special information. For one thing, the driver can see at a glance whether the petrol supply is in proper order; for another, one is informed of the number of gallons of petrol in the tank. The actual quantity of fuel used in any particular time, or over any trip, is also furnished, while the fourth "window" tells one what the total fuel consumption since the instrument was used amounts to.



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C At the GAILLON HILL CLIMB, the Derby of the French Hill Climbing contests, at which all the best continental cars are entered, the Sunbeam this year beat all records, climbing the hill, a gradient of 1 in 10, at 109 miles per hour

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A PICTURE UNRIVALLED.

By WAYFARER.

No motorist on his way to North Wales, or finding himself anywhere within fifty miles range, should neglect to take in Ludlow on his itinerary. One could travel far without finding a more attractive town.

With Ludlow Castle as a background.

Photos. by "The Motor-Owner."



SOME tourists are never so happy as when attempting to dogmatise on the subject of the most picturesque county, the finest town, the prettiest village, or even the best car.

Judgment in these matters, however, is always relative, and the more one travels the less one is inclined to indulge in sweeping dicta. But I will go so far as to say that one could travel very far in England without finding a more attractive town than Ludlow in Shropshire. Of course it is well known to those who have systematically explored one of the most fascinating of English counties, but it is none the less unknown to those who merely touch Shropshire on the way to North Wales, and thereby leave Ludlow undeservedly aside.

Let it be said at once, therefore, that any tourist who finds himself within fifty miles of this delightful town is sadly neglecting his opportunities if he does not make a point of including it in his itinerary. Not only is it centred in charming country, but it is of itself replete with interest. It possesses one of the most romantically picturesque of ruined castles; it has several fine old timbered houses; the Feathers Hotel is about the best of the remaining ancient hostelries, with exterior carving; while above all the town and River Teme, as seen from a high point, present a picture which is all but unrivalled of its kind in England.

Eminently worth while is it, therefore, even for those who are bound for North Wales, to regard Ludlow as a desirable objective; and this can be effected with little loss of distance by avoiding the stereotyped road to Shrewsbury by way of Coventry, and choosing instead a route

through Broadway, Worcester, Tenbury, Ludlow, and Church Stretton. This journey teems with interest at almost every point; indeed, it should be taken for the sake of Church Stretton, even if Ludlow did not exist.

The motorist who merely drives through Ludlow without a pause will pass the famed Feathers and other timbered houses *en route*, but he will be a Philistine in truth if he does not betake himself to the castle, to say nothing of the fine perpendicular church of St. Lawrence, with its superb tower. From either of these edifices he may survey a spreading landscape, in which the old-world tower and winding river, backed by hills, are seen to glorious effect.

But the castle has associations above the common. Here it was that Milton wrote his *Masque of Comus*, and Samuel Butler his *Hudibras*. Arthur, Prince of Wales, the son of Henry VII., died here in 1502, and Charles I. was entertained at Ludlow Castle, where also King Henry VIII. established the Courts of the Marches, at which all cases of Nisi Prius, or civil right, were tried before the Lord President and Council, until the institution was abolished by Parliament in the first year of the reign of William and Mary. *Comus* was performed in the council hall by the Earl of Bridgwater's sons and daughter and others.

The beautiful prospect and the imposing battlements still remain as in 1778, and there are few places in England which better repay a visit. And only five miles away are the famous Cleve Hills, which provide the best road-making stone in the world.



The motorist will pass the famous "Feathers" and other timbered houses.

The High Street narrows down until two cars cannot pass abreast.



THE FRIENDLY MAP.—By C. S. BROOKE.

The good roadman is usually, and largely of necessity, a good mapman, who can find pleasure in retrospect and prospect in the mazes wherewith the cartographer expresses his art. Mr. Brooke, however, is more than a good mapman; he is an enthusiast. We can imagine that the dull days of winter are not travel-less for him.

PORRIDGE—that builder of brawn—and golf, about which one might say things, but not all of them in print—are not the only blessings for which we are indebted to the Scots. There are also the kilt, the pocket-knife—which is worn, curiously enough, on the outside of the kilt—the sporran—it lends barbaric splendour to the kilt—the bagpipes—enlarged from, but I will not say an improvement upon, the pipes of Pan—and, it may be suspected, the Map. I am not prepared roundly to affirm that the Map is a purely Scottish invention, for a friend of mine who is a B.A. has told me that a case might be made out for one Ptolemy, a gentleman who flourished and died and was buried—in a stone coffin, I believe, after a right proper wake—some years before the birth of the

been found by many good men, as well as tax-collectors, a very present help in time of need. Who that has known the road long and intimately can lay his hand on his heart and say that never, or even hardly ever, has the Map served him a turn? Not I for one. Often and often—I will make it “full many a time and oft” if you prefer the poetic lay—have I owed an escape to the Friendly Map. Five times during a fairly long life on highway and byway should I have missed my luncheon but for the late Dr. Bartholomew, his half-inch map, and once in Anglesey that same friend saved me gallons of petrol, a pound of morals—you can get quite a lot of that sort of thing to the pound avoirdupois—and also saved me, I suspect, from a night in the open—not a summer night, but an October,



[“Motor-Owner” photo.]

It might be interesting to puzzle out the precise spot on the map where this young lady finds herself, although she'll be gone by the time one gets there.

first Scot worth a name—Auchtermuchty it was, or something like it, equally musical, just as smacking of a County Family. But, with all respect to my B.A. friend—he took a first-class in honours, I seem to remember—there is Deductive Reasoning as against History—History writ however large. They who draw maps—barnacled, one would suppose, to a man—are known as cartographers, a word derived from the Latin, a language that has always had a peculiar fascination for the Scots, not because it is an easier language than their own so much as because it is a learned language, and the Scots, from time immemorial, have dearly loved learning. Moreover, if another dose of Deductive Reasoning be required, map-drawing, like playing golf—only often golf seems more business than play—and listening to Wagner on the bagpipes, make a demand on phlegm that none but such as have been born and bred on porridge—a man must be born to it, else he might not stand the breeding—could reasonably be expected adequately to meet.

But whether Babylonian or Assyrian, Ancient Egyptian or still more ancient Celestial Chinaman, Greek or Roman or Great Scot invented the Map—what matters it? Be its pedigree patrician or humble, doubtful—even sinister—or attested by the College of Herald's (in full session and, more, in full regalia), it is enough that the thing itself has

or, to continue the poetic lay, a night in the “season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.” For in Anglesey, you must know, once one gets away from the Holyhead road—and it is much too straight a road, too much resembling many of the *routes nationales* of France for my fancy—one finds one's self in a network of wimbly-wambly roads, a very labyrinth; and moreover, the villagers cannot, or will not, speak English to a stranger's face, however glib they may be with it behind his back. Though your tongue be as the tongue of an angel, your deportment reminiscent of Beau Nash in his heyday, your air “quite in the grand manner,” and your tact as graceful as Edward the VII.'s, yet shall you not evoke more than a “Dym Sassenach!” from any man, woman or child in Anglesey in October.

One might explain how otherwise it is with the natives of gorsy and sandhilly Anglesey when, in the sweet summer time, the folk of Liverpool and of “brutal” Bootle, of Manchester and of beautiful Oldham, betake themselves to Red Wharfe Bay and Bull Bay, Rhosneigr and Rhoscolyn and Beaumaris—the nine gods forbid that ever I should again go to Beaumaris—but what has Anglesey to do with the Map except to point the moral of its friendliness? That friendliness is not alone a matter of enabling one who has gone astray in the byways, whether by accident or design, to find his way back to the civilisation for which



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the highway runs. Reliable a substitute for an indecipherable direction-post, or, indeed, an armless, as the Map may prove, it also serves the traveller loyally in other ways. I can conceive that the Map, so potent is it to charm, might even be the first cause to make a man travel; for it, if delicately drawn and harmoniously coloured, is as alluring a thing as a distant range of hills aquiver in a summer haze. To see the range is to long to conquer it. What a view there must be from the top! Is the land beyond a valley or a plain—as fair as, or fairer than, the land through which we are journeying towards the range? So the Map—it excites curiosity, a quality at once as common and as rare as hope, and gives a fillip to the imagination. The Map is informative, but not dull; is “up” in figures, yet no amazing arithmetician. It leaves the horrid sums to others, itself content, like a sensible fellow, to take the results on trust—the altitudes of the green hills and the frowning mountains, of the forthright road across the hills and the wary road through the mountains. And as to the other information of our ripe scholar the Map, it is too varied and is too much concerned with gracious things and curious ever to be pedantic. Where is the son of woman who could find it dull to learn that this village is called Little Ann and that Ruyton of the Eleven Towns, another—how it smacks of the Norman!—Staple Fitzpaine and another Ryme Intrinseca? Is it dull to discover that Trent, which joins the Humber, has its source in an upland valley that is more west than east of the middle of the base of the wild Pennines, or dull to note the straight course that the Fosse Way steers all the long way—close on fifty miles, I make it—from Bracebridge, two miles out from Lincoln’s old gate, the Stonebow, through Newark, to Leicester? Vote such discoveries dull and you proclaim yourself, if anything of a roadman, an Incomplete Roadman.

A MAPMAN FIRST.

I confess that, for my own part, I was a mapman before I became a roadman, and if the map was not the first cause of my taking to the road, it is to be bracketed as such with the Distant Range. And to this day, and more especially to these long nights, I am much addicted to travel on a map. I do not try to bemuse myself into a belief that such travelling is a fair exchange for travel by map—I have too keen a scent for the “wind on the heath” and all the other deep joys of the open road for that. Nevertheless I am of the opinion, carefully studied and firmly convinced, that there is more to be said in favour of such vicarious travel than any but a confirmed roadman, your Complete Roadman, could hope to apprehend. Travelling on a map, to whoever has travelled by one, is to travel, as one may say, in three dimensions—the Past, the Present, and the Future. This, I own, might seem to

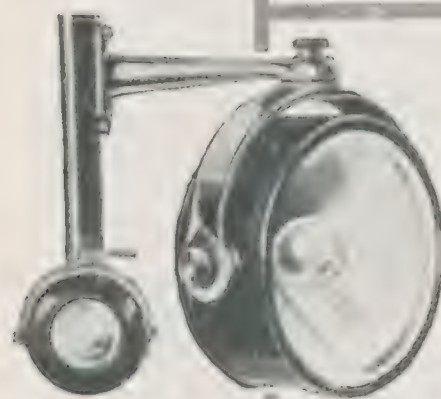
savour of greed, but who am I or you, or indeed anyone below the rank of a Cabinet Minister, to look in the face of a gift-horse from the gods? One takes these things as of old others took the manna in the wilderness, unless one should have the misfortune to be sunk deep in German philosophy. And you, reader, will doubtless agree with me that on these autumn nights, with coal at famine prices, the roseate glow of the Past is something to remember, a something at which to warm the cockles of one’s heart.

LIVING OVER OLD TIMES.

In travelling on a map I have often furbished my memory to such a degree of brightness that I have been enabled not merely to recall old days in the rough, as one may say, but to live them over again, hour by hour, incident by incident—sometimes, indeed, recapturing the very thoughts (or at least the happier ones), and sometimes, too, snatches of conversations and, in the case of the love passages, more than snatches. That is not to say one’s own memory is more retentive than ordinary, but, rather, that the map is something of a wizard. Nevertheless it is, one may suspect, less by the magic of the map than by the magic of Father Time that those days reincarnate seem oftener than not to have been either halcyon days or gaudy. There were soaking days in the nineteenth century, as you may be able to believe, and days unlucky in otherwise, as you will most certainly believe if you are of an age to remember the early days of motoring—the Bollée Days, I often call them. But even the worst of those days of the yesteryears, charged as they may have been with irony that perhaps often bordered on dull despair, seem good in the re-living. And good to live in, too, with the map spread out before one and the lamp glowing steadily, is the Present and, withal, the Future. Our friend the map spirits one away faster than the fastest car could take one, and the journeys of its fancy are not infrequently uncommon long journeys and adventurous. The map whisks one round hairpin bends on single-figure gradients with a laugh, and carries one over roads like beds of rivers run dry without a thought for the back axle, to say nothing of the tyres. It beckons one “over the hills and far away” into “valleys of springs of rivers,” yet for all it is so hot-foot, will loiter with one in an old walled town, if one speak it fair, or wait with one on a fine sunset from the head of Berriedale. To hotel extortioners it never gives a thought, nor does it worry over the price of petrol. Its wizardry is such that in a trice it will turn the blackest, the rainiest, and the windiest of winter evenings into a sunny (and not too hot) day in June, so that whoever journeys on the map journeys at once in the present and in anticipation. Happy, then, the man who rates the map his friend, for he, surely, is blest three times over.



A MOTORIST'S XMAS



A light that can be directed anywhere by hand, and which gives more illumination than the usual torch, is obviously useful for reading sign-posts and so forth. "Spot lights" are American accessories, however.

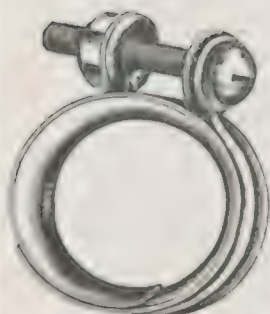


If you can use the whole of your available light for driving without annoying the public by dazzling their eyes, will you object to paying 12s. 6d. for the fittings that will bring about this result? This is the price of the "Perrin No Glare" illustrated. There are, of course, several other fittings of the same kind.

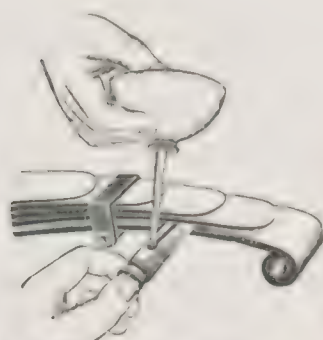


It is almost as improper to refer to a car axle as to a lady, both break sometimes! In the case of the car, at any rate, carry on the car this Brown spare axle to protect against such a price is only £3 10s., which does not seem too high for such an im-

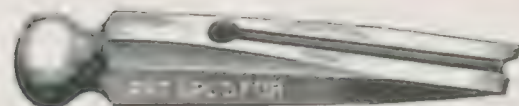
The magneto is no longer unchallenged as a means of ignition now that the electrical equipment of the car is otherwise so complete, and the C.A.V. combined dynamo and distributor, illustrated, is one of its most serious enemies.



One may travel many thousand miles before realising that water-joint clips are a nuisance, but the time will come when these joints give trouble. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, but the Terry clip, to fit all sizes of pipes, seems to be as simple for amateur use as any we have seen.



Some of these accessories are suitable for Christmas presents and some are not. We have simply endeavoured to suggest a few suitable accessories for general purposes—the individual case must be decided on its merits.

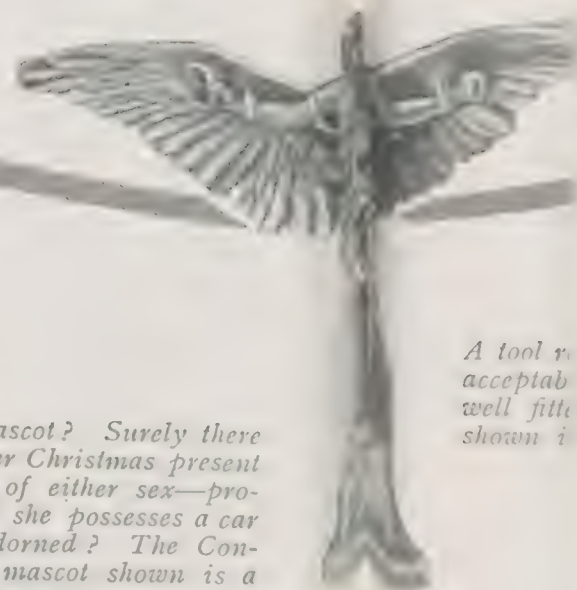


If the springs are encased in gaiters, as they should be, there will be no trouble about lubrication. If not, it is essential that the leaves should be periodically cleaned and oiled. This is one way of doing it.

The question of Christmas presents is simplified by a glance through the J. B. Brookes catalogue. This luncheon case seems to be admirably adapted for a motoring present. It is, of course, only one in a wide range of such articles.



How about a mascot? Surely there could be no better Christmas present for a recipient of either sex—provided that he or she possesses a car previously unadorned? The Conquête de l'Air mascot shown is a novelty.

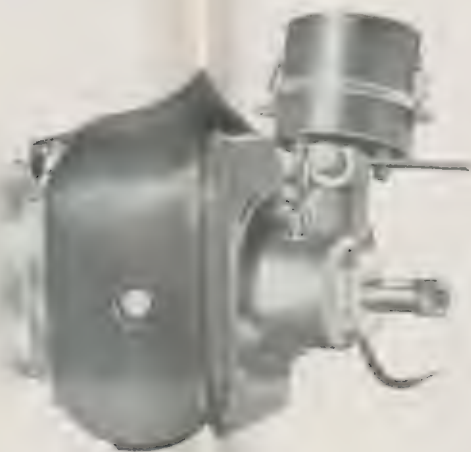


A tool rack acceptable well fitted shown i

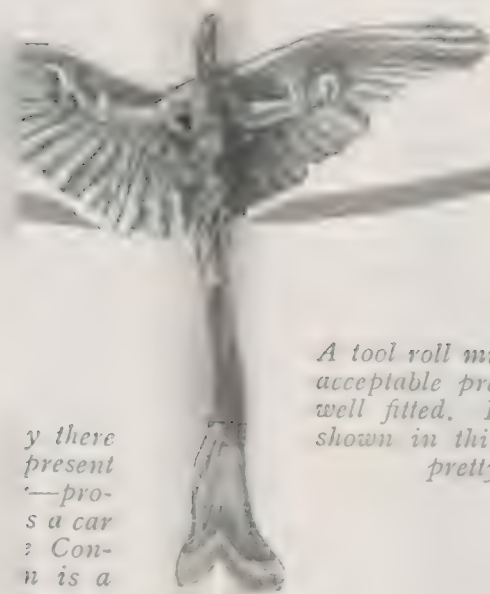
The Christmas Present does not seem more simple as the years go by; and yet coming of the car greater is offered. one is sure that a pair of carpet slippers embroidered tobacco pouch would not give perhaps a spark-plug or a Ford spare axle might cause transport of delight. A it's worth thinking about.

ST'S MAS PRESENTS

to refer to a car as to a lady's nether limbs, but in the case of a car, at any rate, it is possible to have a spare axle against such an emergency. The rich does not see the need for such an important accessory.

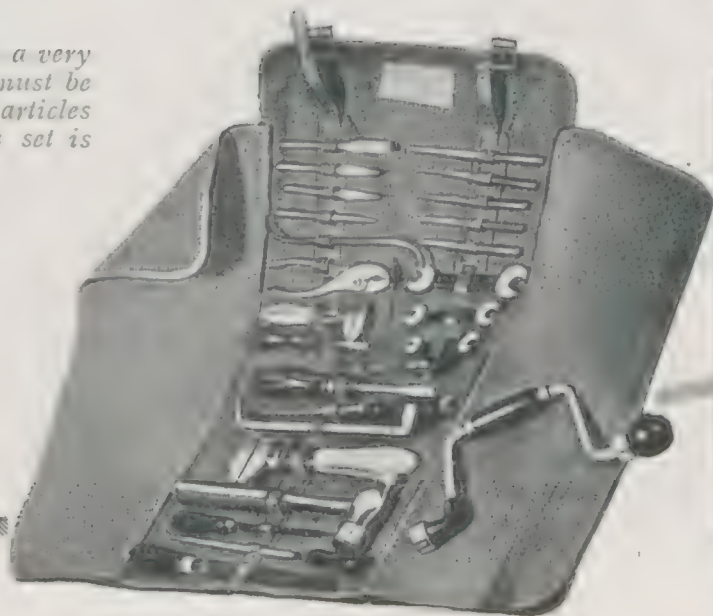


nas Present does not get any as the years go by; and yet with the he car greater is offered. Where that a pair of pet slippers or an tobacco pipe would not give pleasure, spark-plug for a Ford spare back cause transport delight. Anyway, it's worth thinking about.



y there present—pro-s a car? Con-n is a

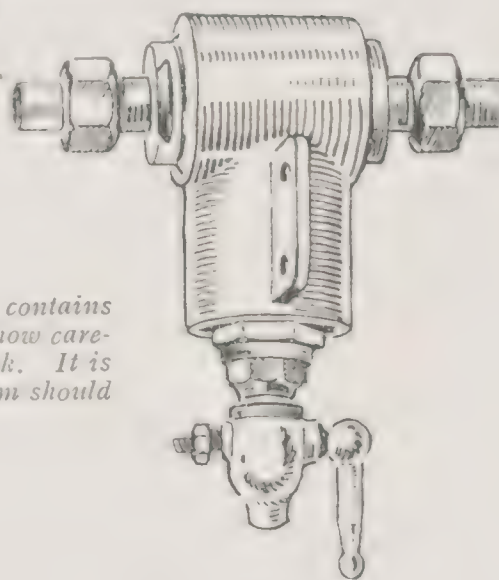
A tool roll might also prove a very acceptable present, but it must be well fitted. Look over the articles shown in this picture—the set is pretty complete.



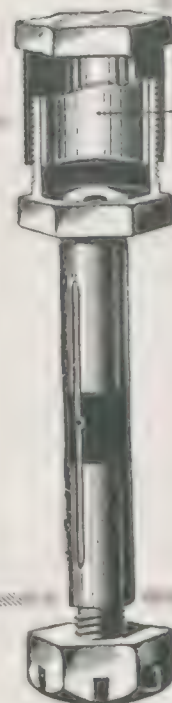
Cars of 1921 are mostly fitted up with electric lamps as part of their coachwork, but this Dunhill side-lamp, adaptable for any car, might serve to bring an older vehicle up to date.



Petrol is by no means what it was—it contains all sorts of foreign matter, no matter how carefully one may pour it from can to tank. It is really vital that the petrol supply system should include an efficient filter.



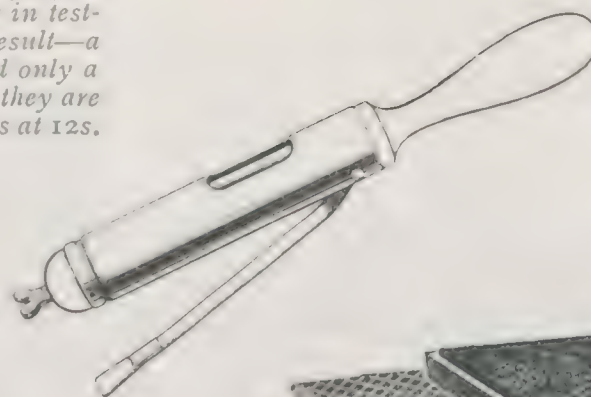
A shackle-bolt which is well lubricated is essential to the well-being of a car. It might be well to look into the matter in your own case.



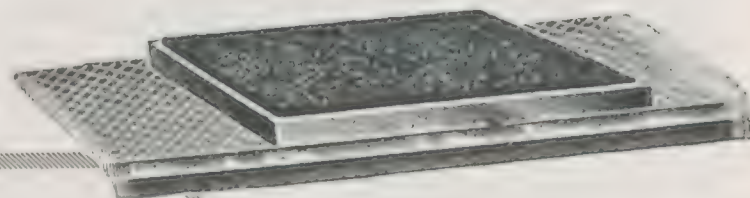
Some tyre tool! You might have to learn how to use it, but this should be quickly mastered, when it should be possible to remove or replace a tyre without damage to cover, fingers—or temper.



The S.A.B. spark-tester explains itself—you use it just as you would a screw-driver in testing the plugs. But you get a certain result—a blue light if the plugs are in order, and only a little tuft of light, or no light at all, if they are not. The instrument is sold by Ripaults at 12s.



A step mat is almost an essential fitting on a car that is to be used during the winter; and all cars are all-weather cars nowadays. There is a considerable amount of variety in this type of accessory, but the mat illustrated appears to be neat and serviceable.



THE GOLFING MOTORIST.

"The Motor-Owner" finds that, as a real test of golf, the Bramshot course is one of the best.

(*"The Motor-Owner" Photos.*)

The present clubhouse is a handsome structure.



A SHORT time ago I was talking "shop" to a famous amateur golfer. The conversation veered round to a consideration of the merits and demerits of golf courses within reasonable distance of London. With his request for my idea of the four best I gave my usual verdict: "Give me Sunningdale, Walton Heath, Addington, and Mid-Surrey," said I, "and the rest are yours!"

"Thanks for your beneficence," he replied, "but what about Stoke Poges, Sandy Lodge, Berkhamstead and Bramshot?"

I paused for a moment, and before I could answer he chipped in with, "Now, what about *my* choice? Have I got you guessing?"

"Well, old chap," said I, "I must confess three of your four choices sound good, but what of Bramshot? To tell you the honest truth I've never struck a pill there."

Then followed a fulsome eulogy from my friend on the merits of the Bramshot course so convincing (coming from such an authoritative source) that it seemed to me I had indeed missed one of the golf courses round London that really matter.

My friend's suggestion was duly put into execution; I there and then put a trunk call through to Fleet 40 and in about five minutes I was listening to a genial voice, which I found out subsequently belonged to Mr. P. C. Henderson, the popular Bramshot secretary.

"Come," said the voice, "by all means come, and if you

have a camera expert let him come too, for we have some views here that will make him wish he'd brought more plates!"

Whichever way you travel, once you reach the Bramshot course you find yourself amid enchanting surroundings of gorse and heather, fern and pine. Nor are these all. You will find a beautiful sheet of water several hundred acres in extent, known as Fleet Lake, set like a strip of beaten silver amid fairy-like woods—the habitation of innumerable swans, coot, wild duck and other species of bird. Truly can this magnificent stretch of water be described as Nature's own majestic realm. The golfer, towards the end of the round, finds himself playing along the side of Fleet Lake—and later on I will deal with the wonderful 17th hole, the green of which is situated so close to the water that a bad slice will land your ball into a watery grave.

First let me mention a few facts anent the origin of the Bramshot Club. The course was laid out under the direction of J. H. Taylor, and was officially opened on June 24th, 1905. It measures just 6,000 yards in length, the hazards being furze, heather and bracken. The subsoil is Bagshot sand, and such are its drying qualities that after days of the heaviest rain, you will not find any water lying about in pools on the fairways. Any of my readers who happen to be members of clayey courses will appreciate the meaning of the foregoing remarks. Originally Government property—a veritable wilderness of heather and



Above: On the 6th Green. Right: Messrs. A. W. Robinson, A. B. McAfee and J. Hall are crossing the road at the 16th.



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 12 h.p. Two-seater, £735
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Although the cost of certain raw materials is still rising, the output from our factories is growing so rapidly that we have every reason to hope that we shall not be compelled to announce any increase in the prices of Rover Cars. Increasing costs to date have been offset by production economies effected by systematic factory methods, and the increased output which has been planned for 1921 will, we hope, maintain the balance.

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THE WHOLLY EXCEPTIONAL quality, the refined distinction, perfect taste, and general harmony of Van Den Plas coachwork are appreciated throughout the automobile world. There are two other attributes to which we would draw attention. Service is not sacrificed to charm. It lasts. And the price is competitive. It is, in fact, competitive with any high grade carrosserie, apart from the admitted superiority of Van Den Plas craftsmanship. Will you write for the illustrated catalogue? It is quite a work of art.



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gorse—the laying out of the course has effected a complete transformation. The fairways and greens were ploughed up and sown, certain intervening hazards, such as unnecessary trees, etc., were removed, and nowadays one finds a golfers' paradise amid the most sylvan surroundings.

The present clubhouse is a most handsome structure, containing spacious smoke-rooms, billiard table, lounge, and large dining-rooms. On the first floor are twenty-three furnished bedrooms, complete with bath-rooms and every kind of convenience calculated to give the golfer complete comfort. The old dormy house has been converted into a commodious dressing-room, replete with lockers, lavatories, etc. The original clubhouse has now been made into a ladies' clubhouse. From the new house magnificent views of the surrounding district are obtainable—views which the fairways of several of the holes only serve to accentuate.

As a real test of golf the course is one of the best. If the hazards are of a most exacting character there are rich compensations in the shape of ample fairways; to find these beautiful "grass carpets," however, you must be able to drive a ball of reasonable length. Woe betide the player who tops his ball off the tee, for then nothing is surer than that the ball will come to rest in the most appalling hazard. From every tee one is called upon to drive over a sea of trouble, consisting of prickly furze bushes, leathery heather, and insidiously wiry bracken which persists in twisting itself inconsiderately round one's niblick. Once your ball disappears into hazards such as these you are certain to be called upon to expend a vast amount of energy in heaving the mischievous ball once again into the clear; and probably the most extensive vocabulary of epithets will be exhausted long before you hole out on the green!

But let your drives be lusty and long, let your approaches be straight and true for the pin, and par fours will go down on your card every time. In other words your accurately struck shots meet with their due reward.

Without attempting to deal in detail with each hole on the course, let me now refer to those which "hit" the stranger playing at Bramshot for the first time. The first hole finds you driving off a large pulpit tee over a foreboding array of furze bushes and heather. Flanking the sides of the fairway are similar hazards, so that utter straightness is essential. A good drive will enable you to reach the green with a mashie.

The dog-legged 5th measures 352 yards in length, success at this hole depending almost entirely on your getting away a long tee shot. The 6th (205 yards) is a devilishly diffi-

cult bogey 3; you drive over oceans of trouble in your endeavour to find the green, which is a tiny little affair with a ridge of turf at the back of it resembling a horseshoe in shape. If your ball be hit too hard, it goes beyond this ridge and then you have a "miracle" shot back.

At the 8th you must carry at least 160 yards from the tee if you hope to clear the intervening pestilence; and at the next hole another good blow is necessary, otherwise you cannot see the green for your second shot. The 10th is a one-shotter capable of causing you to put a big figure on your card; the green slopes away violently to the left, with bunkers in the vicinity. The game here is to play your ball above the hole and then it will trickle down nicely to the pinside.

The 11th calls for two of your very longest shots—and straightest; but there is a little scrap of solace at the 12th, a bogey 4 that the good player ought to do in 3. From the 15th onward the course changes in character and assumes something of the seaside look. There are more undulations in these last four, and the lake is also encountered. The 15th is the hole where Ray drove a ball 273 yards in the driving competition held at Bramshot last May. Number 16 is a beautiful drive and pitch hole; there are bunkers all round the green, so that you cannot evade the necessity to play a real Taylorian approach.

Now you come to the 17th—the hole of all holes. It only measures 146 yards, but it calls for a perfect shot. The tee is close up to Fleet Lake, and the ground between the tee and the hole is of a character similar to that found at Westward Ho! That is to say, you are faced with a series of sandhills, which are partly covered with furze and other atrocious hazards. This is what Mr. C. B. Macfarlane has written about the hole: "One gets almost a glimpse of the sea at the short 17th, where the hole is bounded on the right by a very large lake over which the wind blows strongly. This hole is a beauty." Happy is the golfer who can put down a 3 for this most difficult and yet absorbingly interesting hole.



View of the Green at the new 16th, showing the "seaside" nature of the ground.

MOTOR POWER ON THE ESTATE.

A few words on the subject of
mowers.

THE ordinary farm tractor is quite suitable for mowing in the fields, but is, of course, not really adapted to perform the much neater work that is required on lawns, golf courses, cricket grounds and the like. For such purposes there is fortunately available an admirable series of machines built by a firm of great experience.

The Ransomes motor lawnmowers vary in size from the 42 inch down to the 24 inch type. The largest of these machines is provided with a seat for the driver and a vertical steering wheel with the necessary engine controls and controls for the mowing machinery. The power from the engine is conveyed by chain gearing to the driving rollers and through a reducing gear to the cutting cylinder. This reducing gear also acts in the capacity of a clutch and provides for steering, stopping and reversing. There is a separate clutch for putting the cutting cylinder out of gear when crossing paths or when using the machine in its secondary capacity as a light roller. Both clutches are, of course, operated by the driver without leaving his seat.

The cutting cylinder has the single screw adjustment which is familiar to users of the Ransomes mowers and, together with the bottom plate, front rollers and the grass box, is carried on a separate frame hinged to the



The Beeman Garden Cultivator is of a handy size for the small estate. Great strength is not required, and a lady can quite well manage it. It can be used for the cultivation of garden crops, or in orchards, for ploughing, hauling or stationary work.

main frame so as to allow it to follow the inequalities of the ground. When rolling only, this second frame is lifted so that the weight is thrown back on to the land rollers. The machine can be easily and quite accurately steered through the small rollers provided for that purpose. The grass box is removable. The total weight of this machine is 19 cwt., and it is this type which is used in Kew Gardens and on Lord's Cricket Ground, which is sufficient testimony of the cleanliness of its work and its ability to contribute to the best possible results.

The next type is the 20 inch lawnmower, which in general arrangement is very similar to that described, though the machine as a whole is about 3 cwt. lighter, and for that reason is probably preferable on undulating surfaces.

Next we have the 30 inch machine, which is specially adapted for use on hilly golf courses and park land, and is also very suitable for employment in gardens. In this machine, the driver's seat and steering wheel are dispensed with and steering is accurately effected by means of handles.

Finally, we have the 24 inch type, which, being shorter and lighter than the 30 inch machine, is better adapted for use where the acreage is not very great. It is a very simple and compact machine which any intelligent gardener can soon learn to handle perfectly. It travels as fast as the driver can conveniently walk.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION. CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Winners of consolation prizes will, we hope, be encouraged to make further attempts to win the more valuable prizes in our photographic competition. This is held every month, and the only essential qualification is that photographs must be amateur and previously unpublished efforts.



*Left :
Miss Hadley,
Maida Vale.
"A Coign of
Vantage."*

*Right :
Mr. H. Gayton,
Southampton.
"A bad spot
on the track
through the
Ashanti
Forest."*





AN OVERLAND HOMECOMING

WHAT a welcome Father will get when he drives home this Christmas in an Overland!

An Overland for a Christmas gift—one that the whole family can enjoy throughout the year. No wonder Mother smiles—and Sis and Billy are radiant.

Father knows, too, that the Overland gives real value for money. Not only in its moderate purchase price, but also in its unusually low upkeep expense. It will save him money in petrol, oil and tyres.

The light weight of the Overland—

only 16 cwt.—and three-point suspension Triplex springs give these results on the average:

- 28 to 30 miles per gallon of petrol.
- 1,000 miles per gallon of oil.
- 8,000 to 10,000 miles per set of tyres.

Ask the Overland dealer in your town to show you this car of proved economy. Four models: Touring, Roadster, Sedan and Coupé. Price: £495 for the Touring Car or Roadster, completely equipped. Write for interesting catalogue.

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RIGHT-HAND
STEERING

On the one hand
is dirt
on the other is
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To Clean Hands.

IT'S very easy to get your hands grimy and dirty, but it's not so easy to get the dirt off—in the ordinary way; but just use a little Sprinko. Sprinko removes the most obstinate grime and dirt quickly and thoroughly, and without any need for the scrubbing which only makes the skin rough and sore. Sprinko is made for one purpose only—to clean the hands. Just dip the hands into cold or warm water, sprinkle a little Sprinko on them, rub thoroughly for a few moments, then rinse. Your hands will be clean, smooth and white.

**IN NEW STYLE
SPRINKLER-TOP BOXES, 1/-**

*Of special value to motorists, cyclists,
allotment holders, sportsmen, etc.
Sprinko does not injure the skin.*

**SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS,
GROCERS, STORES, ETC.**

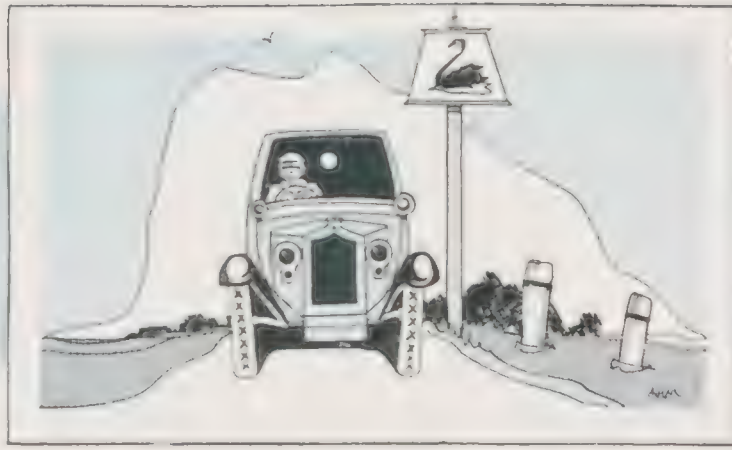


S23-31a

SPRINKO.
Clean Hands with a Sprinkle.
VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED—LONDON.

THE CAR'S

Have you ever thought of the car's point of view; have you ever wondered how the wailing and gnashing of teeth that attends some drivers' passage over the highway might be translated into human speech? Here



REVENGE.

By J. JAMES.

you have the story straight from the car's mouth, so to speak. We have deleted some of the opprobrious epithets with which the car characterised its one-time owner; but we cannot altogether blame the poor thing.

I AM a car, a motor-car, of course, though when I say this I am saying very little.

For I am a long way in advance of the motors you saw last month at Olympia and the White City. Poor things! They were only very commonplace 1921 models. Isn't it funny that people can only progress one year at a time? Except—except—but that is where I come in.

Humans, you know, are much to be pitied. Imagine any self-respecting motor-car being dictated to by another and very ordinary member of its race! We don't dream of paying money just because we are alive. Rates and taxes! My bonnet! What? No!

I should explain I am speaking in retrospect. At least it is so to me, but to the people that call themselves makers and owners I am still in the future, like somebody's angel hidden in a column of marble. I am really here, only the poor fools can't see me. Some day—possibly about 1945—a genius such as Lanaustedge will discover me. And when he does he will be able in a single year to buy four or even five pounds of miners' treasure.

The beginning of it all was pique. Yes, *Pique!* For I am feminine. Men have always paid me that tribute, being quick enough to discern beauty beneath a bonnet. That's why wives are so jealous. They know their own sex. Men know it too, only they will never say so. They daren't! A woman's tongue is always so *facile*—when it's married! Before that—well, that is what every married bachelor knows.

Yes, pique is at the bottom of the whole thing. It happened thuswise,

You, as a reader with a certain amount of intelligence, must be aware that the motor-car is the seventeenth—and last—wonder of the world. We also know it. And so we expect a certain amount of deference from Man. But expectations often pave the way to the Divorce Court—to separation, at any rate. Exactly my case.

Once I was owned by a man. He bought me at the show in 1920. I was then just hatched. (It doesn't matter that I said I was a 1945 model. If you are so gifted as to appreciate that *Art Monthly* devoted to my interests you'll understand. If you don't, you'll put it down to feminine inconsequence, which is just your way of covering up your immature mentality.)

Well, Mr. A. Smith-Smith was a decent enough fellow. That is, he paid what income tax he couldn't avoid. Also he was married. He was unfashionable, though—had only one wife—said he couldn't afford more. Also he used to read *THE MOTOR-OWNER*—a borrowed copy—and was a treble bankrupt and wore an O.B.E. I fancy he found it in Downing Street after one of the peaceful visits the *οἱ πολλοί* sometimes pay the Prime Minister.

All the same, he was uncouth. I was already upset,

having been pulled about by an unfeeling creature at the works, and then set stiffly on a show stand, when A. S.-S. sat on me. On all of my seats—and he a perfectly strange stranger! And to add to my ignominy he handed to a pink-socked, brilliantine-haired thing in trousers a sheaf of papers, and thought that meant ownership!

Presently a varlet took me to No. 10, Beckenham. Smith-Smith was there—all of his Mallaby-Deeleyed twenty stone. He was insufferably proud; one would have thought he'd vanquished me after a two months' chase in the jungle. My gorge rose. I was up in wheels at once.

After fussing round me he put me into a damp, oily-floored sort of C.Q.M.S.'s store—with a wheelbarrow! Then he fingered me all over. Finally he opened a number of cans that he told me in a wife-cajoling tone had cost 8s. 3d. each. At that I felt better—till I tasted the stuff. Faugh! One does expect something decent at that price!

His wife came in a moment later; a passable enough sort of woman, very furry, fluffy and feminine. She had pretty ankles and her underskirts rustled silkily. After her came the children—four of them—little terrors who stuck chocolate-decorated fingers into my shining C.A.V.'s. All the six got in—why, I don't know, as it certainly wasn't to sit. I doubt if they knew what repose means. At the gate we picked up the "shuvver" and the governess, who squeezed in till I heard my ribs—panels, I mean—crack.

So we set off, but not for long, for soon S.-S. saw a friend, then another, both of whom I had to take on board. The second one had to stand on my left running-board, making me, oh, so lop-sided!

Then we set off in earnest. S., however, bungled my gears so badly that I had to clench my teeth and shriek. But he only said "Damn."

"Try again, Abbie," urged his wife cheerily.

He tried again. Again he said "Damn!" with a lot more C.Q.M.S.'s language. I found out afterwards that he'd only been a major during the war, so I suppose I must forgive him.

Fifty miles later I protested. As nicely as a well-brought-up car can. I was already limping. He had hit a kerbstone not long before, and picked out the most nail-strewn portions of the road on which to travel. But this I expected from a man who had not a single gold coin in his possession. What I did object to was having no lubricating oil. My crankshaft told him so ever so plainly. I simply squeaked! And do you think he took any notice? He didn't—till my bearings melted. *That* stopped him!

Three weeks later I, restored to health, was taken out again. A chequered trip! For one thing he pressed the starter button while I was in gear. No self-respecting car could stand that—I left him sitting in the road. Later he

fouled my speeds on a hill. I told him of it, but the silly fool wouldn't use my nice six cylinders but left me in neutral. I suppose he thought he could push me along with the clutch pedal. But my friend Gravity came to my assistance and pulled me backwards down the hill. Such a pace! I literally thrilled. I thrilled still more when I stopped. It was so sudden, as sudden as the crack on the head the broken lamp-post gave Smith.

Next day he wrote another chapter of my history. It was Xmas, a Dickens sort of Xmas—snow on the ground and the money in the other fellow's pockets. I think S.-S. must have forgotten I had a change-speed box. Or perhaps he had read some American yarn about doing everything "on top." Anyhow he kept me on my fourth up a grade of one in ten. My pistons began to complain; I even felt my "con." rods bending. But he sat steadily behind a cigar going full blast while I struggled like a "single lunger."

At the top he still held his foot on my accelerator. I had to respond, of course—I'm made that way—like a woman, a car has to obey the "Lords of Creation."

"Go it, you devil!" he growled through his fuming Havana.

Very hurt indeed I simply streaked down the hill. It would have been all right if an ugly fire-spitting steam wagon hadn't been struggling up. I saw it, but the monster couldn't hear my ladylike tones.

We met!

Smith - Smith is—well, where there are no cars. I was "hurled into eternity"—to quote the impoverished language of humans. In reality I didn't get nearly so far. Apparently arrangements have not yet been brought up to date enough for that. At any rate I stopped after a quarter of a century.

* * * *

Things are different now. . . . My escape was the last straw, it appears. For a long time Jupiter on "High Olympus" had observed with pain our enslavement. The

car to be at the mercy of blundering humans! Unthinkable! And he promptly turned over quite a dozen new leaves.

So now it is the men who serve. From far Malaya to Russia-in-Shoreditch they tend us, toil for us, are under our thrall. It sounds a lot worse than it really is. As a matter of fact they are happy, happier than when they

had to pay taxes for this, rates for that, with imposts on everything else. The word "exchequer" is as obsolete as "income"—for it has come about that no one possesses any money. The State has seen to that! It has grabbed it all!

Moreover, we have remodelled the world. Every November we hold a dress parade for our yearlings, but we *don't* dissect their limbs unblushingly in cold print. And humans like it—at least they say they now enjoy reading a "show number." Nor are there any traps—they would be useless, seeing that no one has any money to pay fines.

I could tell you a lot more about this Utopia, only you wouldn't take it in. Far better to observe the Solomonic dictum of the statesman who revelled in sitting on the fence.

The main fact is that man has been taught a lesson. He has learnt that he is not the only thing that matters. For ages he had thought there could be no law but his own; he had no consideration for what

he was pleased to term "inanimate" creatures. Nevertheless, we also are entitled to a place in the scheme of the universe, and his injustice has recoiled upon himself. The agonies of tortured mechanism have at last led to retaliation.

Yes, careless, unsympathetic Man is deposed. And he deserved to be. To-day it is the car that rules. My statement is no dream. On the contrary, it is absolutely true, as you'll presently discover. And if even then you are sceptical, let me refer you to pages 35 and 36 in this issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER.



TWO WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN 8-CYLINDER CARS.

The eight-cylinder movement has made far greater headway in the United States than it has in Great Britain, or even in Europe. Over here the number of cars so engined can be reckoned on the fingers; in fact there are only two British cars with eight-cylinders. But in America the feature is quite usual, and there are several excellent specimens in this country. We are not quite sure, off-hand, which make set the ball a-rolling, but the Cadillac (below) was certainly early in the field when in 1915 the famous "eight" replaced the equally famous but earlier 20-30 h.p. "four." The Cole Aero-Eight (above) is another remarkable example with which British motorists are becoming familiar. Experts are not quite agreed on the merits of the eight-cylinder principle, but if road performance in the two cases mentioned may be taken as a criterion, it is sound.



WOMAN &



THE CAR.

Christmas Presents; and the Latest Paris Fashions.



EVERYBODY is busy at Christmas-time, but I think perhaps the busiest person of all is the mother of a "growing-up" family. To start with, there is nearly always the family party: a riotous, jolly throng of married brothers or sisters and their youngsters; not infrequently grandparents, and, last but not least, the young brother who is contemplating matrimony in the distance with his *fiancée*, a little shy at making her first appearance as a member of the family. The last-mentioned are, at any rate, very easy to entertain, but all have to be fed and housed before any other preparations can be considered. And then the busy mother must think ahead for that excited moment when the young people reappear from school, only about three days before Christmas, with—colloquially speaking—only a few rags to their backs; a condition that must be negotiated in advance since what *mater* does not want her kiddies to be the bonniest, the bravest and the best at this auspicious gathering?

For the party frock of a small girl about five or six years, I saw the most delightful little garment imaginable the other day. It was a simple yoke dress, of ivory double ninon, with a small pattern of apple blossom flowering over it at intervals. The top ninon was slightly longer than the under one, giving an almost Turkish hem suggestion, only at the lower edge of the hem, the two layers were drawn in a shade and bound with a narrow apple green ribbon which appeared again at the tiny elbow sleeves, which were finished with a frill of their own material. The neck, too, showed the tiny touch of green, and the yoke was threaded with it and finished in two small rosettes. The charm of the whole affair lay in its dainty simplicity. A clever mother might, at a time of greater leisure, even successfully repeat such a little dress in other colouring.

For the schoolgirl there are charming velveteen frocks in endless variety for afternoon wear; most of them relying boldly on good materials and cut with absolute plainness, hanging loose and straight and hardly held in by the careless-looking sash tied only once through at a low waist line. Or for mornings the coat and skirt allied with a silk jumper of some gay colour and a plain velours hat to match make a safe investment even before the young wearer appears, and after a careful and severely critical survey she will generally give the favourable verdict: "Mum *has* got a jolly good eye for colour!"

Another serious problem to be solved is that of Christmas presents, and this is where the imagination of many of us so often falls short. There is no more desperate situation than to go shopping for something when you do not quite know what! It is exasperating for the buyer, but heart-breaking for the shop assistant.

Of course it is very nice and domesticated for Adam

to present Eve with drawing-room curtains, and Eve to make her offering in the shape of a new fur rug for the motor, but if they have been married for some time (and these things are not likely to need replacing in the first eighteen months), then it is, well, just a suspicion dull and unromantic. It is quite different from the presents for the "bottom drawer," when an afternoon tea-cloth held visions of proud ownership of that wonderful castle in the air to be called "Home" at some future date. After six or seven years, even to the happiest wife, the novelty of her own home has worn off a little, and even at so prosaic a stage in our careers there are few men or women who remain entirely insensible to the subtle flattery of a really personal offering that betrays perhaps the careful observance of our particular tastes and fancies.

Why should not the present between husband and wife be more on a line with that of the already-mentioned engaged young couple? Undoubtedly the young man will take counsel with his married sister, and after talking a trifle disconnectedly about politics or football for a



The little corsage is kept extremely plain, and usually guiltless of sleeves.

few minutes, will suddenly throw his cigarette into the fire and ask desperately: "What on earth can a fellow give to a girl he is keen on?—I want something out of the ordinary, and of course its got to be a surprise an' all that, so I can't ask her!" A very good general reply to that sort of question is lace, or tortoiseshell, for both are dear to the feminine heart, and there is a host of variety in both also, covering a large range of expenditure, from the lace handkerchief or boudoir cap to the wide lengths of fine Bruxelles, suitable for the adornment of a wedding frock; and from the tortoiseshell match box and cigarette case to the dressing-case outfit complete.

For the business girl, or the maiden on her dress allowance—the resources of both are apt to be strained to breaking point at such times—a pretty present may be very easily made for a sister or a girl friend out of two of the fine Shetland scarves of double texture, in any of the very delightful shades from which there are plenty to choose, at prices ranging about half a guinea and upwards. Another most acceptable offering is a pair of the cosy fur-lined and beaded moccasins, than which there is no more serviceable and dainty bedroom or boudoir shoe. And, indeed, when we get to more "family" presents, there are few Eves among us in these expensive days to whom a pair of heavy silk stockings would not be more than ordinarily acceptable.

It is a very much more difficult task for the womenfolk who have to consider presents for husbands, brothers, *fiancés* or fathers, since all these illustrious beings have a habit of acquiring what they want at the moment when

they want it, and it is heartbreaking for the Eve who observes that the cardigan of her beloved one is becoming shabby, and spends much midnight oil knitting him a beautiful new one, only to discover at the eleventh hour that oblivious to such wonderful surprises he has quietly marched into a shop and secured one—of exactly the same colour!

However, the elders of the family will certainly be well advised to settle these matters well in advance and get their shopping troubles over in good time, since opportunities are apt to be scanty after the invasion of the junior members. In one very delightful household of my acquaintance, where there is just such a growing-up family as I have described, it is arranged that Christmas is essentially the children's festivity; the *ménage* is run specially for them, and indeed there are few kiddies, I suspect, who enjoy themselves more heartily. But New Year's Eve belongs to the grown-ups, and, to quote the small son of the house: "That's when Mum and Dad have their beano; we have ours at Christmas."

Perhaps it is rather an unusual idea, but this particular couple always make New Year's Eve their fresh starting point, as it were; my friend, in fact, smilingly explained: "I try to make George fall in love with me all over again, it's such a lovely excuse for a new frock, anyway, isn't it?" She certainly appears very successful in her attempt, for they are an ideally happy couple, but though "Dress does make a difference, Davy!" I am inclined to think that perhaps it is not solely due to the care with which she selects her new frock for this delightful occasion.

For evenings, the most beautiful materials, made with a daring simplicity, seem still to hold their own as first favourites, and are almost universally becoming. A very good second, however, come the wide range of embroidered net, worked up in brilliant silks blended with gold and silver, becoming more and more Oriental in colour and design.

One graceful gown that I saw was a perfectly plain iridescent sequin, over white net, scalloped at the hem and showing glimpses of soft white net as the wearer moved. The round *décolletage* and sleeveless edges of the bodice hinted at the same softening effect, and the only contrast in the scheme was afforded by a sash of rose and dull silver metal tissue ribbon, two or three inches wide, giving an effect of two stripes, since each colour was entirely distinct. These sashes do little more than "hint" at a waist line in the majority of cases, since velvet brocades, damasks and metal brocades are all relying on *ligne* for their best effects. For those, however, to whom such a style proves too trying, or as a pleasant variation, we are still allowed to be "frilly" in taffetas, and "fluffy" in net tunics.



The serious problem of Christmas presents.



One or two were practically backless; all were sleeveless.

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NOTABLE CARS FROM "THE OTHER SIDE."

American cars have altered very much in the years since before the war. Some of them have been improved out of all recognition, and it is fairly safe now to take it for granted that any car of repute is a good car, even from a European point of view.

THE SIX-CYLINDER CHANDLER.

Although rated at only 29.4 h.p., the Chandler (above) is good for something like 45 brake horse-power, and those who have tried the car are loud in its praises. It is of typical modern American appearance—an appearance of power and speediness combined with simplicity of line.



THE 18 H.P. ESSEX.

The Essex is one of the cheaper makes, the complete touring car being priced at £740, but with an estimated brake horse-power of 56 and a petrol consumption of 25 miles to the gallon, this four-cylinder vehicle is very attractive. As the picture shows, it has a clean and distinctive appearance.

THE APPERSON "EIGHT."

The luxury class is well represented nowadays by American cars of numerous makes, and the Apperson is a good specimen, the price being £1,550. It has an eight-cylinder engine of 3½ in. bore and 5 in. stroke, and is rated at 33.8 h.p. It is a car that is likely to be better known in the future, so long as the horse-power tax does not absolutely kill this class of vehicle—which is improbable. There will always be a demand for the luxury car, especially when it is obtainable at such a comparatively moderate price.



THE HUDSON "SUPER-SIX."

The Hudson at £950 is rather wonderful value in these days of high prices. All that we could say in praise of it is condensed in its title of "Super-six." Its rating is 29.4, the six-cylinder engine having a bore and stroke of 89 mm. by 127 mm. The specification contains all those points which usually make for high cost and give evidence of the highest class, and on the road it approaches automobile perfection.



MY LOG-BOOK.—By HERMES.

WE would all like to be able to read the future, but unless one can arrange for a conveniently early decease it is just as well not to understudy the rôle of soothsayer. Yet one hears upon our *Grand'mère's* authority that the orientation of air currents can be deduced from the common or hayfield straw. That is, if you have the necessary acumen. Some people have; and I think the views of Messrs. Frank Lanchester and A. S. Mays-Smith, which I extracted from them recently and were published in our November issue, will be found very instructive. The worst of it is that cold print doesn't convey what novelists call atmosphere. You want to see the sparkle in the eye, to sense the tone-inflection, to feel your *vis-à-vis's* aura, to get a full 100 per cent. impression. Yet that page gave facts, facts that made one "furiously to think," and I commend it to people with a whim for anticipation.

DURING the past month I have had a very interesting number of interludes between my spasms of pen-pushing. Captain Dutoit took me, for example, for a nice little trip to the top of Herts on a 25 h.p. Spyker. It was a charming day, an enjoyable run, and a *facile* car. A pleasure to handle, loping easily along—to use an expressive term—tirelessly. But it deserves a chapter to itself; and it will get it. A day or so later I looked in on Mr. Leslie Oyler, of tyre fame. As usual he was busy, and genial—also optimistic, as he has every right to be. Before I left 35, New Cavendish Street I looked in at Rapson's sky-ward floor and heard a lot about their new jack and other trouble-saving things they shower the good motorist with. The jack is certainly clever; it was at Olympia, and deserved inspection. Another device that interested me later in the day was the Autovox, which has the pleasant tones of the ordinary hooter, but is really effective. I tried both sorts—one is mechanical, the other worked by a small battery. Another cheery interlude was a chat with Mr. H. G. Hopkins, of the London Country Club—the London Flying Club that was—at Hendon. It is an attractive place; plenty of amusement, social life and sport, a rendezvous of jovial souls and dainty ladies. There's always something going on there.

I HAVE discovered a new form of headlight. With many points to commend it to motorists, it can be seen at the offices of H. C. King and Co., 45, Bedford Row, W.C., where there are various other interesting motoring accessories also. The new headlight is really three, so to speak, in a single casing, each with its own bulb and lenses, and forming a head and side light combined. In another form there are two lights, and both prevent dazzle and give remarkably powerful rays. They are light, economical with current, and look very smart. While in the building I looked in to see Mr. Allam, once a very useful member of the staff of the old *Standard* newspaper, and now in charge of Vauxhall publicity. He is full of enthusiasm over the car—he always did love his work—and anticipates an even better future, owing to the handsome reduction in price, for this popular carriage than their meritorious past. By way of contrast I switched over to an American car and tested the new Studebaker. A "demned" pleasant experience, to quote Mr. Mantalini—of which more elsewhere. Next I essayed the Cubitt which, I am surprised to hear, costs only £442 as a fully equipped tourer. It was very tractable, as docile as Miss Chisholm, the lady demonstrator, who has had varied lurid experiences in the Flanders trenches. This car also will receive due justice.

CARS, not being like Tennyson's brook, need cossetting occasionally. And the more skilled their physician the better their health. From what I hear the Bristol Simplex people, of Broadmead, Bristol, have substantial claims for patronage when repairs are necessary, not to cars alone, but also to cinema machines, printing presses, and so on. Electrical ailments are another of their specialities, also millwork and welding. The works are capacious and properly fitted out, as one would expect of a firm who are entrusted with the agency for the Sizaire-Berwick, De Dion, Eric-Campbell and Dixie cars, and various important makes of lorries and steam and electric vehicles. Like a famous whisky, the Bristol Simplex Co. is over a century old, and "still going strong." Moreover, their motto is "Service," knowing that there's no advertisement like the recommendation of a pleased and satisfied client. Another firm whose services are likely to be useful in these electrically-equipped-car days is that which is responsible for the Hellova batteries. Messrs. Calworth, 175, Piccadilly, W., handle the sales department, and there you can obtain a number of neat charts that will keep you from trouble with accumulators of all sorts, or with batteries used for house lighting, or American car self-starters. The name's interesting, if you say it slowly!

FROM what I hear there must be a very large number of the Coventry Simplex engines in service. They are plentiful enough, at any rate, to have led to the institution of an extensive spare parts business at Payne's Lane, Coventry. Nowadays it is a simple thing to renew an item; you just drop a line, and by return comes a "con" rod, a cylinder, timing gear—anything, in fact, that belongs to the C.S. engine's physiology. Owners of these engines will receive, on quoting the engine number, an informative, illustrated booklet that will prove invaluable. It may be obtained also by people owning other makes for 1s. Enterprise is shown also by the National Benzole Co., 30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., who retail a lubricating oil that is suitable where benzole is used as fuel. It is as trustworthy, moreover, with any other I.C. engine fuel. Full information can be obtained upon application to the firm. Just as we go to press I receive a letter from Mr. C. W. Brett, a pre-war friend of a particularly versatile order. As usual he is energising the specialist welding firm, Barimar's, of 10, Poland Street, Oxford Street, W. A little time ago he organised a chain of repairers across Africa and elsewhere, and has now taken to himself an adjutant, Mr. W. Ewen, a "man of parts," to assist in his ever-progressing activities.

THE War Office last month held an interesting display at Aldershot of cars, lorries and steam tractors captured from the Germans, lasting till the 10th inst. The bodies had been removed to facilitate inspection. Motor manufacturers who were interested were invited to apply for a pass to the Secretary, War Office. By the way, this reminds me that Messrs. Gaston, of Great Portland Street, recently put a hundred Citroën cars at the disposal of Harrods for a week, the point being that each car was driven by an ex-officer who has failed to find employment since demobilisation. Messrs. Gaston will be glad to hear from people who could give employment to these gentlemen in any similar capacity.



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A MOTOR CRUISE ACROSS AMERICA.

Touring in a motor truck, or lorry, as we say, does not seem attractive, yet it appears to be largely a matter of how the vehicle is equipped. This is a story of an extended trip which was most successful: but the "truck" was specially designed and constructed for the purpose, and its interior was fitted out on super-Pullman lines.

CAN you imagine a motor tour across the great American continent where the worries of hotels and dining-rooms are entirely absent, and where you are always provided with ample supplies of all kinds, and with the complete comforts of city life?

Mr. Charles G. Barley, President of the Indiana Truck Corporation, located at Marion, Indiana, is a tourist extraordinary. He has for many years devoted much time and effort towards the development of systematic good road-building throughout America, and in order to demonstrate the entire practicability of long trips by motor he had built a motor cruiser which in reality is a veritable hotel on wheels. Mr. Barley is a well-known sportsman, with much experience in camping life, and is an enthusiastic devotee of all of the outdoor sports—particularly camping, punting, fishing, and shooting.

He named his car "Helomido," and personally supervised its design and construction. He built into this unique vehicle every modern convenience and comfort which his long experience indicated would be desirable for trips of this kind; the car is complete to the last detail.



Mr. Barley receives the gift of a hefty Colt.

The compartment back of the driver's seat is equipped with all the comforts of the tonneau of a luxurious touring car, and the lucky passengers on this trip spent many enjoyable hours in the open air in this manner.

The body proper of "Helomido" consists of a room slightly over 6 ft. wide and 12 ft. long. It has sleeping accommodation for four people, together with ample cupboards, chests, and wardrobes. It is provided with a built-in ice box for the proper accommodation of the necessary supplies of food and drink. There is a complete cooking equipment of aluminium utensils, together with a portable paraffin stove. Hot and cold running water are supplied from suitable tanks. The car is provided with a complete electric lighting system, furnishing 37 electric lights and a powerful searchlight for night driving. There is an extension tent cover 9 ft. by 15 ft., which can be extended from the side of the car, and gives protection and larger quarters when in camp. The windows of the

main compartment are fitted with dust-proof weather strips, fly screens, and Pullman curtains.

This entire equipment *de luxe* is mounted on a 2-ton Indiana truck chassis of 15 ft. 6 in. wheel-base, fitted with giant pneumatic tyres, shock absorbers, and all modern appliances to provide complete riding comfort. The entire vehicle is 30 ft. long, and weighs slightly over 140 cwt. when fully loaded, including passengers, baggage, water, gasoline, and supplies.



At the top of a steep grade near Ely.

Recently Mr. Barley, accompanied by his wife and a party of friends, made the trip from Indiana to Los Angeles, California, *via* San Francisco, in "Helomido." The trip totalled 3,279 miles. It was made in 235 hours total running time, giving the car an average of over 14 miles per hour. Many side trips were made, and stops frequently enjoyed in the mountains and near the inland lakes. About half of the distance was made on roads which could be considered good, the balance of the distance being about equally divided between roads which were fair and roads which were so poor as to be in some instances almost impassable.

It was really a most remarkable trip, and possible only on account of the unusual performance of the car. It is interesting to note that during the entire distance the only troubles experienced were two punctures and a broken fan belt. It is one of the first trips recorded in America where a lorry of this weight has made this trip under its own power, and without being in convoy with other vehicles. For hours and hours on the trip the lorry ploughed through sand in crossing the great American desert, where every ounce of its energy and power was required to carry through.

In the course of the trip eight mountain passes of heights exceeding 7,500 feet were crossed without difficulty. Everywhere along the route great interest was shown in Mr. Barley's motor cruiser, and much good work was accomplished by him in his good roads campaign.

In checking the records of the journey it was found that the greatest mileage was made in a day in south-east Colorado, where a total of 186 miles was covered. It was while crossing the salt marshes of Utah that the lowest daily mileage was made—namely, 28.

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CARS WE HAVE TRIED:

The 15.9 h.p. Humber, the 16-20 h.p. Cubitt, the 9.5 h.p. Deemster, the 8-cylinder Guy, and the 18 h.p. Maxwell.

THIS feature makes its reappearance, and the fact will constitute an answer to the numerous correspondents who have protested against its apparent withdrawal. As a matter of fact, "Cars We Have Tried" was held over in our November issue from considerations of space, and we had no intention of permanently dropping it. It is gratifying to know, however, that readers appreciate an absolutely unbiased and honest criticism of a car; a criticism, and not a mere notice, and henceforth we shall continue to deal with 1921 models as we dealt with those of the previous year. The cars are tested by experienced drivers, not one of whom has had less than fifteen years of motoring on all sorts of cars. Usually the test extends over a period of several days, since a mere 50-mile run is insufficient to bring out some of the bad points that a car may possess, although it is ample to show up the good features. Subsequently these tests are reported upon to us, and the report is as you read it. It is uninfluenced by any other consideration than fact.

THE 15.9 H.P. HUMBER.

While we are aware that personal taste counts for as much in the matter of motor-cars as in most other things, and that a car in regard to which one motorist is enthusiastic may be a mass of faults to another, we should think that the 15.9 h.p. Humber is as nearly as possible the ideal all-round car. It is not easy to combine "sporting" qualities with those attributes which are required in a family car, and in most cases it is not desirable to make the attempt. But unless the trouble were chronic, the Humber ought to cure, or at least to satisfy, anyone with hankering for the sporting type of vehicle. It can put up a very pretty performance in the matter of miles versus minutes and also of gears versus gradients—in the latter respect, in fact, we did not find a hill that beat the top speed, and we took the car up a number of quite respectable gradients. That the Humber climbed Brockley Hill, between Edgware and Elstree, without the slightest difficulty, is pretty good evidence to

anyone who knows this hill of her top-speed capabilities. Incidentally, though we claim no novelty for the idea, we almost invariably drive the cars we try up this particular gradient, and the results are frequently astonishing, for where a fifteen will sometimes go up easily without a change, a car of double the power occasionally makes a trouble of it or even labours up on one of its lower gears.

We took over the Humber at the Holborn Viaduct showrooms, struck out into the Holborn traffic, turned down Gray's Inn Road, cut through a network of squares to Euston Road, and so straight on through Marylebone Road to Regent's Park. And, liking traffic-driving remarkably little, especially in anticipation with a strange car, we felt at home immediately we touched the wheel and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

This is an impression one now and again receives—that the car was specially built to suit one's own peculiarities, and it is possible that in other hands the Humber would not have been so immediately satisfactory. However that may be, with us it was at once "our" car, and further experience only strengthened the impression. It was one of the most docile and responsive cars we had tried—it answered so quickly to every wish, in fact, that

the customary interval for the transformation of thought into action was not apparent. This is to say considerably more than that the engine accelerated quickly. It certainly did; but the braking and steering were equally immediate and sure in operation, and we should write the car down as requiring as little effort, either mental or physical, to drive as any modern automobile of any power.

Part of the feeling of "at-homeness" was undoubtedly caused by the excellence of the upholstery, and especially the design of seat angles and the springing of the cushions. The standard model open touring car is undoubtedly a splendid example of British coachwork, in upholstery and exterior finish also, and is a creditable production in every way, without, in our opinion, a solitary fault.



The Humber in touring trim.

TECHNICAL DETAILS OF THE 15.9 H.P. HUMBER.

Cylinders	80 mm. bore, 140 mm. stroke.
Insurance rating	15.9 h.p.
Carburettor	Smith.
Ignition	High Tension Magneto.
Starting and lighting	C.A.V. two-unit.
Clutch	Enclosed leather cone.
Cooling	Thermo-siphon and impeller.
Final drive	Bevel.
Gearbox	Four speeds and reverse.
Wheelbase	10 ft. 4 in. Track, 4 ft. 7 in.
Tyres	815 x 105; steel artillery detachable wheels.

Price, touring five-seater £950; Saloon, £1,350.

THE 16-20 H.P. CUBITT.

A car that, from its design and such experience as one can have during a day's run, appears a very welcome addition to the market is the Cubitt, which, as displayed at the White City, looked very inexpensive for the sum of £442 complete. One could not truthfully say it was particularly stylish, nor that its upholstery was equal to that on high-priced cars; but apart from this it would seem to offer very good value at the price.

The model we essayed was the 16-20 touring type with tax-defeating long stroke that gives one plenty of power cheaply—which, if we know human nature, will prove very acceptable. It will, if in addition you add other Cubitt virtues—to wit, a smooth running and very tractable engine, a quadruple gear change that belies the term "barbarous," once a synonym for the sliding pattern, and suspension that it would be a poor compliment merely to term "adequate."

If you want a "cataloguey" description you will be interested to hear that each of the four cylinders has an 80 mm. bore and 140 mm. stroke, that the cylinders, cast *en bloc*, are fuel-fed by a satisfactory Great Portland Street Smith, and that there is no magneto. If you don't like this sort of thing—and a lot more—but prefer to know if it is comfortable and a good bargain you are welcome to our opinion. Having allowed the sun to rise and set as often as he liked since our trial we are now prepared in *sang froid* to dissect our impressions. It is not a—a (Shavian term) job to do so. On the contrary it is pleasant, and, moreover, it is the car's due.

"Comparisons are odorous," according to Mrs. Malaprop. Well, let the good lady rest undisturbed in her belief—it's ill disagreeing with a lady when you're sure your own views are sounder. *Hinc illa verba*. But, then, Mrs. M. had never driven a car; she has yet to essay a Cubitt. And when she does she will like it, if we know anything about her most tantalising, elusive and illogical sex.

Usually we have a certain amount of diffidence in making our *début* with a perfectly strange car in the heart of London. One cannot guess how the car will respond to



THE 16-20 H.P. CUBITT.

Cylinders .. 80 mm. bore, 140 mm. stroke.
Treasury rating .. 15.9 h.p.
Carburettor .. Smith single-jet.
Ignition .. Coil and distributor.
Starting and lighting .. Rotax.
Clutch .. Ferodo-lined cone.
Cooling .. Thermo-syphon.
Gearbox .. Four speeds and reverse.
Wheels .. 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 pressed steel.
Price .. Standard four-seater, £442.

the accelerator, and it is the inch too much that uncertain brakes so surprisingly provide that proves so expensive. So we set off a Scotchman. But the femininity of the Cubitt changed the leopard's spots, and north-of-the-Tweed Celt was quickly dispossessed by a Hibernian. For it is a nice car

to handle in truth—quick to seize an advantageous traffic opening, responsive to the "bit," and tractably brake-responsive. It gives one restful driving. It behaves as a city-penetrating car ought to behave. It is docile, not dull. In a top-gear stretch it bore us from the purlieus of early-astir Covent Garden to the breezy "Jack Straw's Castle"-crowned Hampstead heights—and that in off hours! Elsewhere it displayed its prowess on lower gears. Likewise were they satisfactory. The Ferodo-aluminium clutch is gentle. It is also effective. Without jar you glide away from rest; jerkless you climb from one gear to another.

We found, as we have said, the springing good. Had the back seat been occupied it would have been even better.

We liked the lines of the steel-panelled body; the one-man hood that a lady's slender fingers can, effortless, persuade; the welcome absence of cuff-destroying grease-cups.

As to how the car will wear, that we can't say. We had it for an all too short trip—not being able to persuade the makers to lend it us for "keeps." But it has well-developed germs of durability which give fair promise for the future. It is made by people who ought to know their job; turned out in large quantities on Aylesbury Plain, handled from Conduit Street, W., with the laudable intention of providing a British article of good value for a figure which does not entail possession of a profiteer's purse.

THE 9.5 H.P. DEEMSTER.

If we were to tell the plain, unvarnished truth of the Deemster's performance during a recent extended test in our hands, no one—unless they had had a similar experience—would believe us. So we will not go into mathematical details; suffice it to say that we ourselves should not have

DEEMSTER DETAILS.

Cylinders .. 62 mm. bore, 90 mm. stroke.
Treasury rating .. 9.5 h.p.
Carburettor .. Claudel-Hobson.
Ignition .. Fellows H.T. magneto.
Lighting .. Rotax.
Starting .. Patent mechanical.
Clutch .. Ferodo cone.



The 9.5 h.p. Deemster two-seater.

DEEMSTER DETAILS.

Gearbox .. Three speeds and reverse.
Final drive .. Bevel gear.
Wheelbase .. 7 ft. 7 in.
Track .. 3 ft. 10 in.
Tyres .. Palmer Cord 7 1/2 x 8 1/2.
Wheels .. Sankey pressed steel.
Price .. Standard two-seater, £475.

believed it possible for a fairly well-loaded car to travel as this one did with such a microscopic motor. A 62 mm. by 90 mm. four-cylinder engine is about the smallest thing we have on the market, and yet this little car could give a start and a beating to many another vehicle on the road, up hill or on the level, with a 50 per cent. bigger power unit. Her petrol consumption would naturally be light, so we will not enlarge upon the point except to say that it should be reckoned at so many miles per pint, rather than per gallon. So far as power is concerned, however, we found her one of the best hill-climbers, irrespective of size or any other consideration, of any car we have tried; and, as for speed, she exceeded 50 with comparatively little effort. In traffic she ticked along on "top," requiring a change of speed only after a dead stop, when, needless to say, she started on "second" without difficulty. Her brakes were good and her steering light and sure; what more can one desire?

On the other side of the shield there were one or two points capable of improvement. The suspension is good—much better, we are told, than that of earlier models—but it could be better still. The standard body work, also, is not well designed from the driver's point of view, for the writer, who is more or less of an average size in length of limb, found it essential to any degree of comfort to use a cushion behind his back. Failing this, the reach to the steering wheel is far too great—a matter that possibly might be remedied by increasing the rake and length of the steering column, or by using thicker upholstery. Anyway, while the fault is serious, the remedy is simple. Beyond these two points the most critical "tester" could not find any source of adverse comment. The Deemster is a really remarkable little car—comfortable, easy to drive, and as "safe as houses."

THE EIGHT-CYLINDER GUY.

Amongst the new developments that have been taking place in automobile design, the tendency to increase the number of cylinders for touring cars is a most unmistakable and very interesting one. Some British firms who have hitherto pinned their faith to the four cylinder engine have been talking or thinking of adopting a six cylinder power unit, and in one instance at least this has actually materialised. More interesting is the introduction of cars with more than six cylinders, twelve at present being the maximum, and there being few British makers amongst these pioneers. There is, of course, Messrs. Guy Motors, Ltd., of Wolverhampton, and the new eight cylinder model certainly bids fair to do much towards popularising the multi-cylinder engine for touring car use.

It is sometimes suggested that an engine of more than six cylinders will never be popular amongst ordinary motor-owners because of the extra complications and decrease in engine efficiency that results, the latter especially having the very important practical effect of increased fuel consumption. It is therefore very interesting and significant that the Guy engine can

safely be described as of the simplest possible type, when judged from the number of moving parts that it contains, and also that its fuel consumption is actually better than that of many four cylinder cars of nominally the same horse-power (20.1 R.A.C. rating). Twenty m.p.g. is the normal fuel consumption, but 18 is guaranteed and the first figure is frequently exceeded. This, then, does not indicate excessive fuel consumption, and oil consumption is on a correspondingly economical scale.

This is not the place to deal with the chassis features of the car, but a word must be devoted to the unique accessibility of the engine, and, indeed, of everything about the



THE 8-CYLINDER GUY.

Cylinders .. 72 mm. by 125 mm.	Starting } C.A.V.
Rating .. 25.7 h.p.	Lighting }
Carburettor Smith.	Gears .. Four and reverse.
Ignition .. H.T. magneto.	Price .. Touring, £1,475.

chassis. The detachable head for each pair of cylinders and an inspection port in the crank case enable a complete removal of piston and connecting rod in remarkably quick time. Decarbonisation with the Guy is simpler than with many four cylinder engines having detachable heads, because the head to be removed is for two cylinders only, and the only water joint that is broken in the process is an external joint.

But to get on to the car on the road. Flexibility, silence and comfort are the three great Guy features. The first and second follow more or less directly from its eight cylinder engine. One can travel on top gear at three or four m.p.h. without any hunting or jerkiness, and banging down the throttle almost spins the speedometer needle

round to 30 or 40. Sixty m.p.h. is well within the capacity of the car, and the Guy certainly scores over most cars in the speed with which it can be driven over characteristic Wolverhampton roads. The story is told—and I am inclined to believe it—that on one occasion the Guy car raced the London express from Wolverhampton to Birmingham stations. It would be no mean achievement if the road ran parallel with the railway and had an excellent surface the whole way. To any fortunate reader who does not know what the road between Wolverhampton and



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC

Consolation Prize : Mr. F. A. Simpson,

COMPETITION.

Southampton : "A Somerset Lane."

Birmingham is like, I would say, revel in your ignorance and spare the individual responsible from further abuse by keeping away from that road as long as is humanly possible.

The car floats over all surfaces. Its steering is as near the ideal as makes no odds, and its comfort is finally enhanced by a body of most generous lines, and steering column and control pedals are readily adjustable to suit each driver's individual tastes.

By way of conclusion, the Guy clutch deserves special notice.

It is the lightest I think that I have ever handled and—I hasten to add—handling can be the correct term for the Guy clutch because one is invited by the makers to test its lightness by operating it by hand. There are many clutches, of course, that cannot be moved with one's hand. The Guy can be completely withdrawn by this comparatively feeble method of operation. There is a French car recently introduced to the market that runs the Guy very close in this respect, but I think that the Guy retains its premier place.

Finally, the Guy is not an expensive car as things go nowadays. In fact it actually costs less than several four cylinder cars on our somewhat mysterious market, for its chassis price is but £1,175.

W. H. J.

THE 21·9 H.P. MAXWELL.

American cars at one time were all of a type, but there are now almost as many varieties of these as there are of British automobiles, or of European cars in general. Price, moreover, is no criterion by which to judge, for, while we have tried comparatively expensive cars which have not altogether succeeded in satisfying us, we have also tried other and much cheaper American cars which left little to be desired—except, maybe, on the score of finish. This applies particularly to the Maxwell, which, as



THE 18/22 H.P. MAXWELL.

Cylinders	..	3½ in. by 4½ in.	Starting	}	..	Two-unit electric.
Rating	..	21·9	Lighting	}	..	Three and reverse.
Carburettor	..	Eagle.	Gears	Complete, £560.
Ignition	..	Magneto.	Price	

rator pedal is much too light. Every bump in the road is communicated through the right foot to the engine, with the result that anything like steady progression, especially upon the lower gears, upon a road that is not dead smooth, is impossible.

The engine, on the other hand, is particularly lively, and has an admirable knack of maintaining its power at a very low rate of revolution, so that frequent gear changing is unnecessary; the gear change, when it is necessary to make use of it, is practically fool-proof. The body work and upholstery, while not highly finished, are comfortable and effective in appearance, and the lines of the car as a whole are far more imposing than one expects at the price which is charged for this car. It is quite a "family car" in the best sense of the word; and while not possessing some of the attributes of more sporting types it is nevertheless capable of a very respectable maximum speed. As we have already indicated, its hill-climbing abilities are admirable, and where some of the modern type of small cars will climb quite steep hills on top speed so long as their "revs." are maintained—so long, that is, as the foot of the hill is rushed—the Maxwell takes all that comes in its stride, so to speak, demanding only a wider throttle.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION. More Consolation Prizes.



Lt.-Col. M. Nicholson : "Newlands Corner."



Mr. C. E. Clark, Highgate : "A Story Without Words."

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A NEW METHOD OF CAR PAINTING.

A Description of the P.E.P. Process.—By "CAR-OWNER."

THE old carriage-painters must have been marvels of patience—and the old carriage-owners too; for *they* were forced to dispense with their vehicles the while seemingly endless coats of paint were allowed to dry at the rate of two—three—four days per coat, to say nothing of the tedious though necessary periods of hand-painting and the smoothing out of brush marks after each drying.

And anyone who has had a car painted knows how the meticulous care and necessary disregard of time spent showed themselves on the bill—particularly since the war!

I call them *old* carriage-painters, because the obstacles which prevented them from hurrying a job seem now to have been overcome in the new P.E.P. car-painting process; which presents by comparison hare-like speed and correspondingly low cost.

A NEW KIND OF PAINT.

It is common knowledge that the reason for the slow natural drying of ordinary paint and varnish is the linseed oil which has hitherto been regarded as one of its essential bases. Attempts to speed up the drying by heat or other artificial means destroy the elasticity and other properties of the oil and spoil the paint; while cold and damp have the effect of delaying the drying more than ever. It has had to take its own time, whatever the length.

The P.E.P. process has effected its first important saving by the development of a new formula for its paints and varnishes, using as a base the West Indian gum, Manjac. Only a lengthy period of experiment and research has solved the problem of utilising this remarkable material.

Manjac as a base possesses all the good qualities of linseed oil, though probably to a higher degree; it is certainly far more resilient and elastic, and has greater resistance to water and oil—most important properties in motor-car work.

The supreme advantage of the Manjac formula, however, lies in its quick drying. It hardens naturally in about twelve hours, and where heat is available, drying can be accelerated to three hours or less, without destroying its remarkable properties in the least.

One may say, broadly, that the new P.E.P. paints and varnishes require only *one day per coat* for drying, hardening and rubbing down. One day, irrespective of the weather or season!

HIGH-SPEED PAINTING.

Still another step in time and labour economy is made by the P.E.P. method of applying the coatings. Paint and varnish are applied by the new compressed-air process known

as Flow-coating, instead of by hand with a brush. This modern method is five times as rapid as hand-brush painting, and gives a practically smooth, even coat.

In addition to the time saved in *painting*, an important feature is that there are no brush-marks to be smoothed out after each coat. Consequently the rubbing-down periods are very much shorter, and the final varnish coatings more easily and quickly applied, with the certainty of a glass-like result.

And welding all these parts together is the unique P.E.P. organisation, systematising the work on the soundest production lines so that each job moves steadily forward without waste of time or labour.

The result is easily seen; firstly in the speed with which my car came back looking like new, and secondly in the bill—completely repainted in ten days, at an unbelievably low cost. And on top of it all they re-waterproofed the hood and re-dressed the upholstery!

NO SCAMPED WORK.

Without knowing the facts about P.E.P. paints and processes it is difficult to believe that a car re-finished so quickly and cheaply can have as good and durable a finish as if painted the old way. But I am assured that P.E.P. work is as thorough as that of any carriage-painter in the country. One has only to try, like I did, to be convinced—as I am.

For instance, in repainting metal parts the old paint is first completely stripped by sand-blasting, which not only does a thorough job quickly, but leaves the metal with a delicate matt surface that takes and holds the paint better than when the part was made. Metal parts have their paint *baked* on at 300° F., giving a most durable finish.

COMPREHENSIVE SERVICE.

Their service seems to be quite complete. If your car needs nothing more, they thoroughly clean and polish it in a day for about a pound. They "do up" wire wheels in a way that almost forces you to have the rest of the car done to match. They refinish cars in five degrees of elaboration.

A most useful idea is the P.E.P. Company's scheme of maintaining the car's surface by contract. For payment of a fixed sum, either on a yearly or mileage basis, they undertake to keep your car always looking like new. I'm going to try that some day.

It is well worth the while of any car-owner to write to them—the Perfection Enamelling Painting Co., at their showrooms (161, Great Portland Street, Dept. A1, London, W.1.), or, better still, run his car down to Building No. 5, Slough Trading Depot, Trading Estate, Slough, Bucks. Their service is always prompt. [ADVT.]



STAGES OF THE P.E.P. PROCESS

CASTLES IN WALES.

It is a common complaint that, while the British will take any amount of trouble to visit the famous places of the Continent, they will scarcely cross the road to see a beauty spot or point of historic interest in their own country. Thousands have visited the chateaux of the Loire: but how many of them know the castles of Wales?

Illustrations by "The Motor-Owner" Studio.

THEY are nearer to the real, these castles in wild Wales, than are castles in Spain, and yet the one sort is akin to the other in a certain respect. Castles in Spain are figments—alas, that they should be!—whereas castles in Wales are solid stone, mortar that was well and truly mixed, and, in cases, ivy-clinging, not-to-be-thwarted, everlasting, world-without-end-Amen stuff. Rhuddlan, which we will take first from among a big choice of the solid stock, seems from a distance all ivy—"only that, and nothing more"—yet one finds, when one has won to the gate (with, of course, a "What ho, there, within!" so right lusty as to set every cockerel in the village crowing, and all the hens, except the grandmothers, cluck-cluck-clucking) that the ivy is but a feat of nature designed to camouflage a feat of (Nor)man. For the ivy clings not to thin air but to walls so thick that one may find it easier roundly to describe the thickness as "ever so thick" than to be bothered with the two-foot rule; and, moreover, the walls were built by Robert de Rhuddlan, in the 11th century. Him you may not know for a Norman by the "de." In those days quite a number of quite ordinary fellows adopted the "de," in defiance of authority, even as to-day a few folk insist, without right, upon being "esquired." Nevertheless, there are reasonable grounds for supposing Robert de Rhuddlan to have been of the Breed, for he was a nephew of Hugh Lupus—Lupus sounds like a disease, but, of course, means Wolf—that very puissant knight upon whom the Conqueror conferred the fair land of Cheshire, creating him Earl of Chester, with a broad hint that he might add as much of Flintshire to his palatinate as he could capture from the Cymry, *alias* the Welsh.

They say, the painstaking folk who write books—guide books, one means, not ready reckoners, nor cookery books—they say that Henry II., daring soldier, far-sighted statesman, and unrepentant reprobate, strengthened the walls of Rhuddlan, and that Edward I., also a great soldier

and no fool at the council table, re-strengthened them, if, indeed, he did not rebuild them. It is also said, on a tablet let into the wall of a house in the village of Rhuddlan, that Edward held a parliament during his stay at the castle. The writing fellows contradict that statement, but as, in the same breath, they refer to the Statutes of Rhuddlan as having been passed there, and as they also tell us that Edward for some time held his quarters at Rhuddlan, one can conceive that the stonemason has as stout a leg to stand upon as the scribes. Not that the argument matters at this time o' day. Nor need one now weep for Richard II., with whom the Percy halted, on their way to Henry of Lancaster's Grand Army Headquarters at Flint Castle. We are in an age when the price of bacon is more affecting than the fate of a Plantagenet crown.

Rhuddlan seemed to the writer the last time he saw it (after a lapse of thirty years or more) to have become dwarfed and neglected, but Conway Castle—why, look you, the charm of Conway is surely perennial—yes, indeed, look you! And if you doubt me, iss not my word as good as no man's? Wass you ever see, look you! a praver sight than Conway from the bend of the road from Colwyn Bay? One can see it from here, in one's fourth-floor room in London; one could continue to conjure it were one condemned to exile in China or in Wigan, in Merthyr Tydfil or in far Cathay, wherever that may be. . . . At a distance of about three miles out from Colwyn Bay the main "coast" road, rounding, at first slightly, graciously permits to join it a road, a truly delectable road, that has journeyed down the Conway Valley, from the Waterloo Bridge nigh Bettws-y-



Carnarvon Castle and its customary setting.



The creeper-clad towers of Rhuddlan Castle.

Coed, through Llanrwst and Glan Conway. And the main road, in its rounding, and in a few yards by a nearly right-angle turn, reveals, if the tide be in and the sun out, a broad expanse of dancing and glittering blue. The expanse, so very broad is it, seems a lake, but is a river, the Afon



Conway Castle and the Toll Bridge.

Conway, or, as your twopence-coloured pedants will have it, Conwy. And beyond the river, leftward, rise woody hills, steep and of a respectable height, riven here and there by now running and now leaping waters. The hills are only foothills, the foothills of a group of mountains that culminate in Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewellyn, both well up above the 3,000 ft. line. It is not the river, however, nor yet its high bastions, but a medley of gray towers that ultimately claims the traveller's roving eye, and continues to claim it until, the river crossed by Telford's graceful bridge, our traveller finds himself at a gate into the castled town.

Here, again, walls ever so thick, and here the castle is easier to people than Rhuddlan. It is a ruin, granted—gillyflowers are rooted in the crevices, and flaunt their yellow against the walls as bravely as if mortar were good loam—but it is a ruin that anyone with twopennorth of imagination can reconstruct. It is Edwardian, without a doubt; so are the town walls, and so is Carnarvon Castle, whence, from Conway, we hope to proceed. Not for nothing, then, did Edward spend a long time at Rhuddlan. Llewellyn the Great was dead; his brother, Dafydd ap Gruffydd, had been dragged at a horse's tail through the streets of Shrewsbury and then hanged, drawn and quartered; and with two such castles as Conway and Carnarvon well builded, North Wales, at any rate, was made fairly safe from the Welsh and, possibly, from any fear of serious raids from Ireland. It is supposed that once Conway was invested by Welsh raiders while Edward himself was in residence; but relief was forthcoming from a ship at sea, and, after all, a raid, though an act of war, is not a war.

The traveller, before he leaves walled Conway, should pay a visit to the house called Plas Mawr. It is Elizabethan, with panelled rooms, emblazed, and a fine old fireplace or two. In leaving Conway, for Penmaenmawr, take the advice of the old man in the poem—"Try not the pass!"

*Whittington
Castle,
near
Oswestry.*



The way of the Pass, called Sychnant, is inland, and is a fine way. But such ways are not uncommon in mountainous regions, whereas roads like the four-mile length of the main road from Conway to Penmaenmawr are few and far between. The sea is in sight all the way—indeed, at one place, the road stands to be lashed by the sea. As to Carnarvon Castle, it, too, can be re-peopled, but not properly, 'tis said, with the first Edward presenting the new-born second Edward to the Welsh as the Prince of Wales. The Modern School of History has labelled that old story a mere legend. Still, you may dwell on how one Madoc and his hordes set the gutters of the town running with English blood, and how on one occasion and then another Owen Glendower invested the castle but failed to take it. Carnarvon seems as like a palace as a fort; Conway is a fort all over. Yet to see Conway from a distance through the haze of a summer day is to make one rub one's eyes and ask one's self "is visions about?" Rhuddlan and Carnarvon too, though in less degree, invest themselves at times with an air of unreality. Wherefore the kinship between castles in Wales and castles in Spain.

[This article should prove valuably instructive as well as interesting to intending tourists; and their thanks as well as ours are due to the Touring Department of the Automobile Association.]

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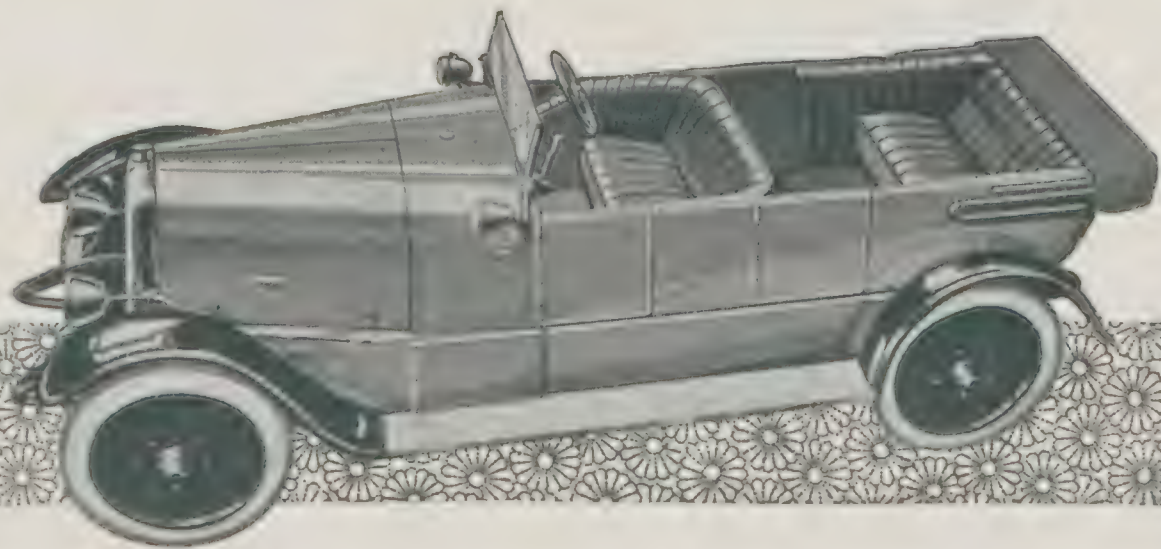


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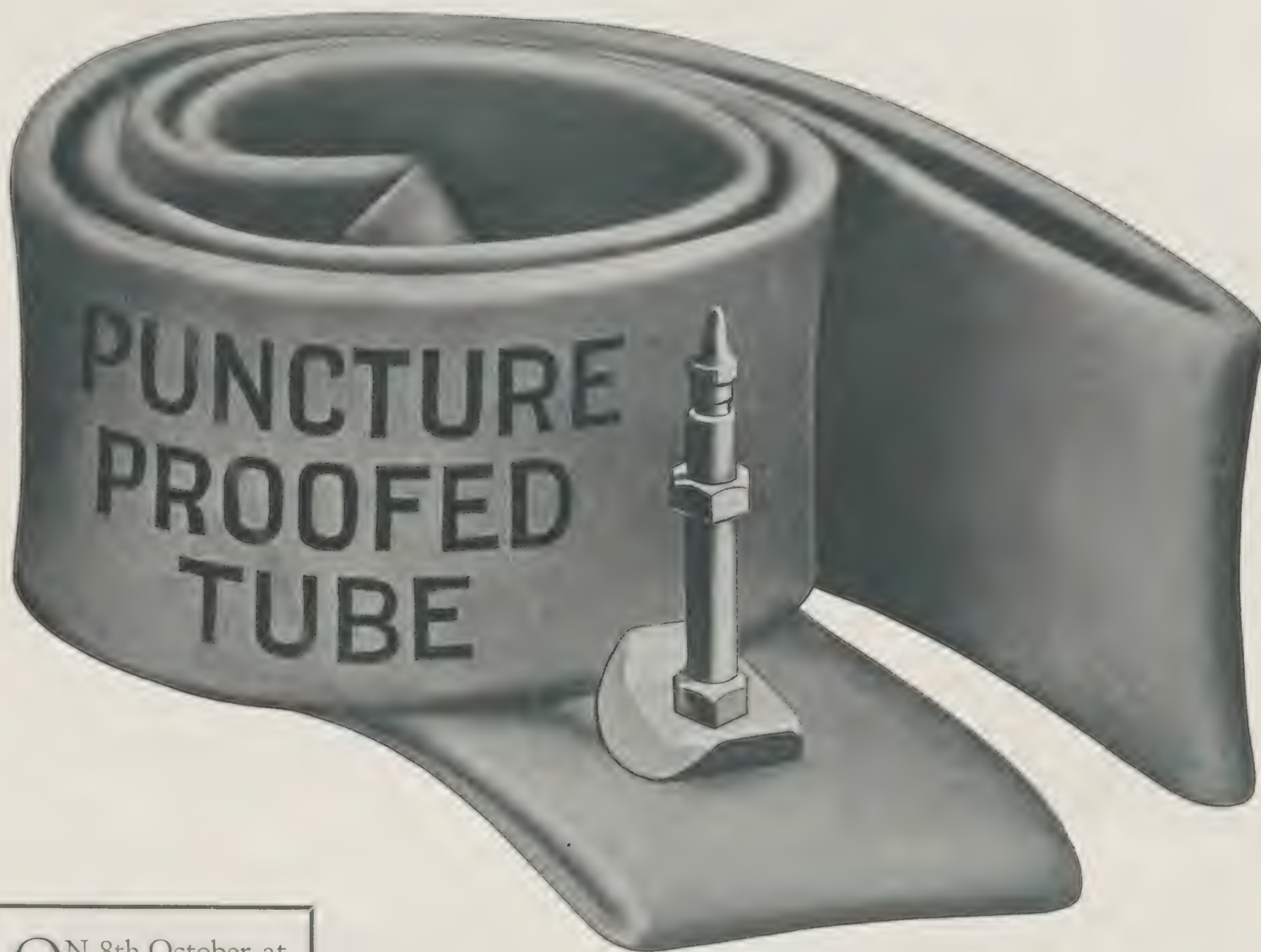
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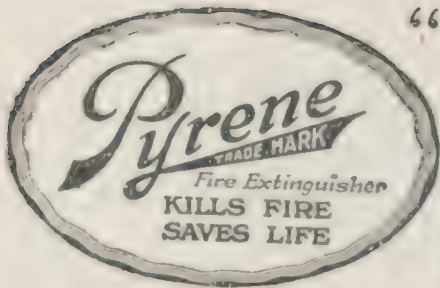
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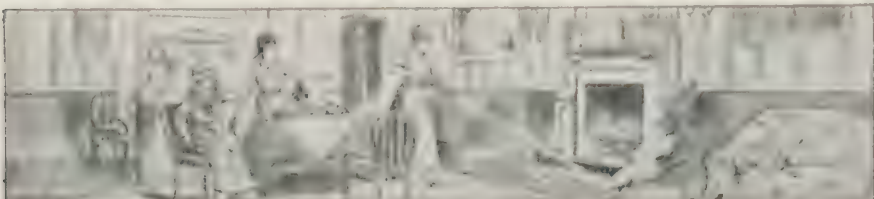
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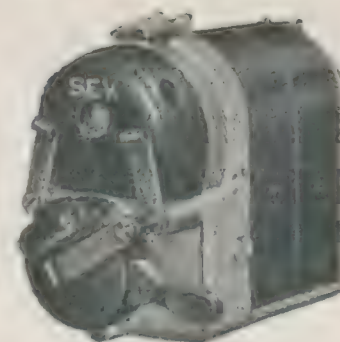
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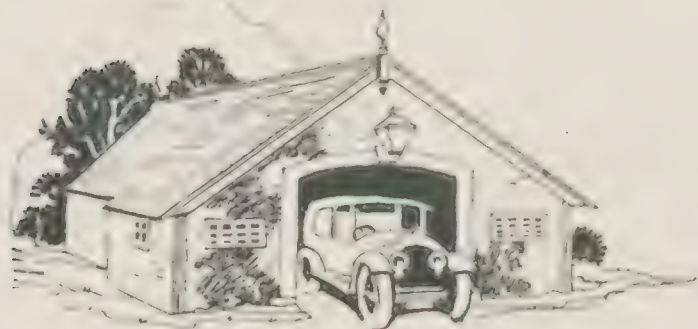
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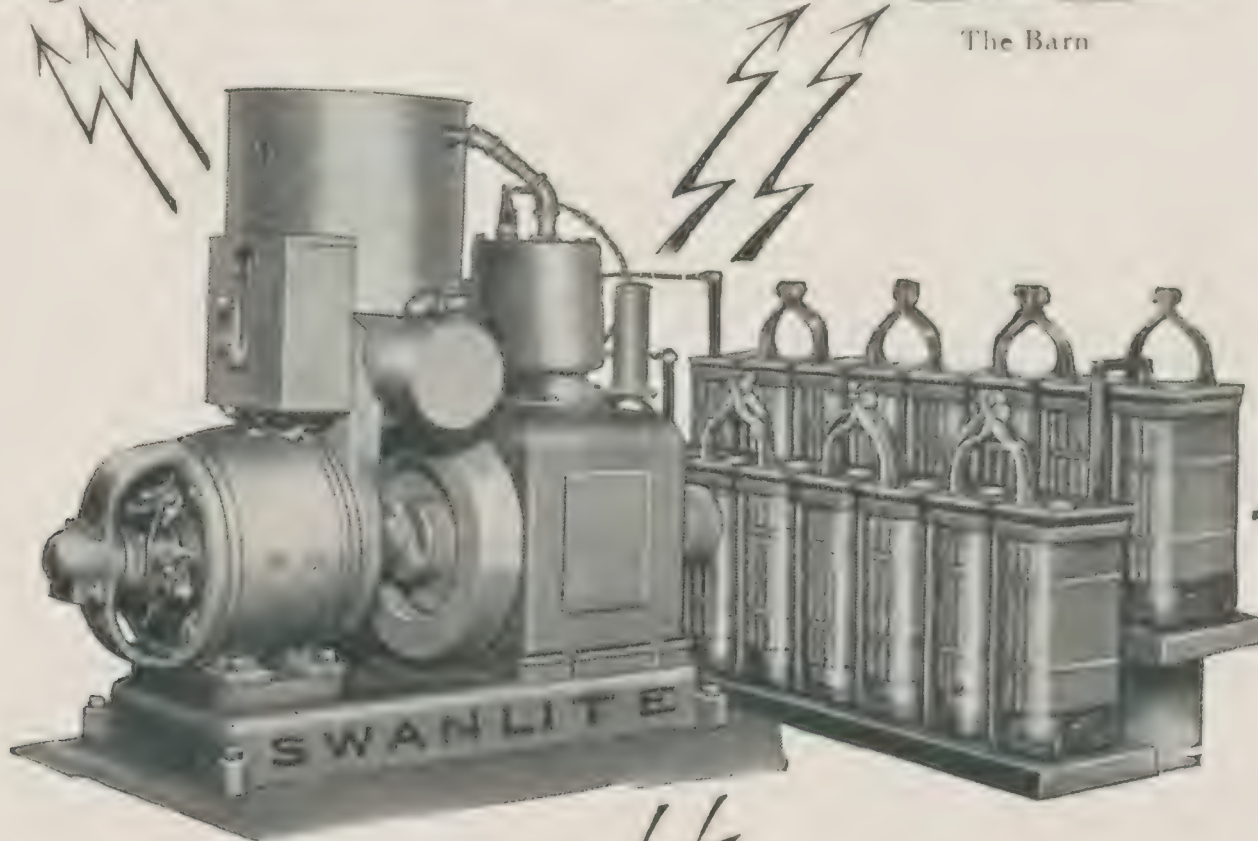
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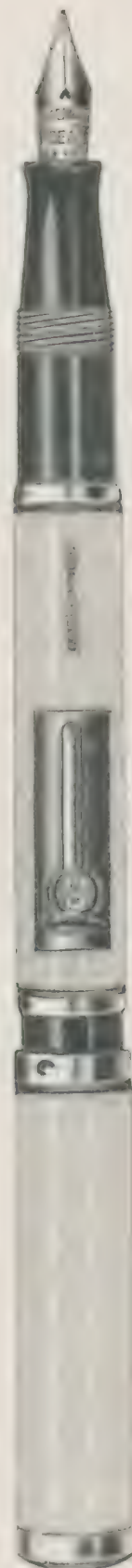
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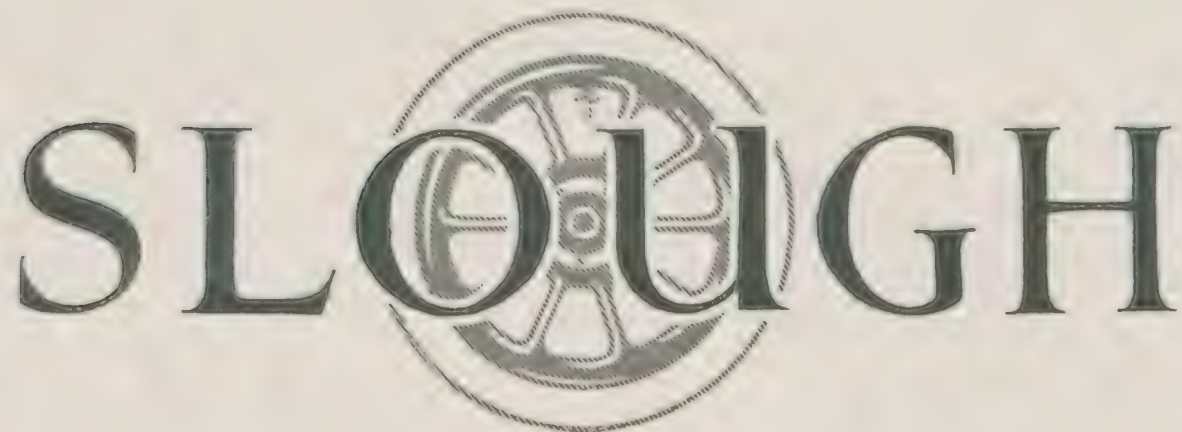
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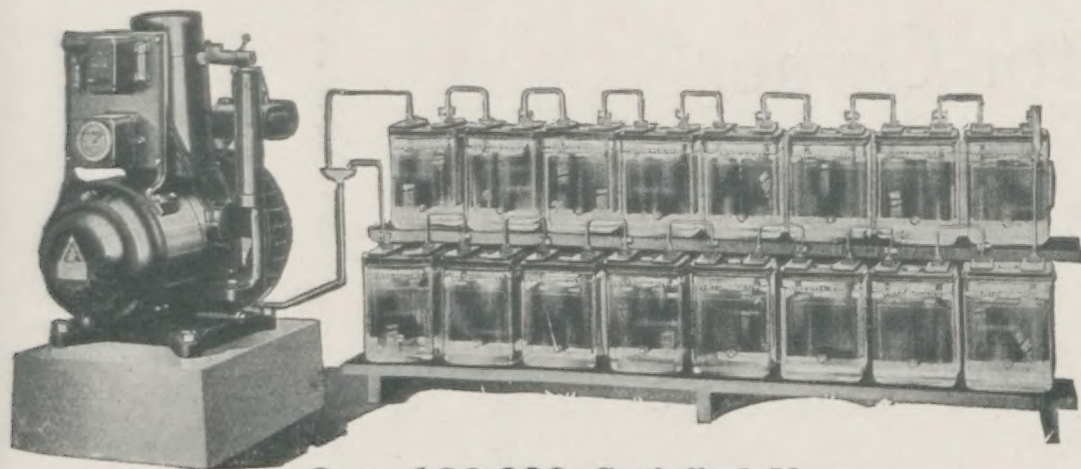
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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

A		
Almagam Tyres	xiii	
Anglo-Mexican Petroleum Co., Ltd.	lxiv	
Angus, Sanderson, Sir Wm. & Co., Ltd.	lvi	
Aquascutum, Ltd.	xxxix	
Arnold, W. H., & Co.	xviii	
Arrol-Johnston, Ltd.	xvii	
Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd.	xiii	
Austin Motor Co., Ltd.	xxxvii	
Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd.	ix	

B		
Beck & Pollitzer	xxxix	
Bianchi Motors Ltd.	xlvi	
Black Swan Co.	lxvii	
Boulton & Paul, Ltd.	xii	
British Eagle Motors, Ltd.	xxv	
British Ensign Motors, Ltd.	lv	
British Oak Insurance Co. Ltd.	xxxii	
British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.	xxxvi	
Burberrys Ltd.	lxiv	

C		
Carrosserie Van Den Plas, Ltd.	1	
Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd.	xxxiv	
Cole Motor Car Co.	xiv	
Colman's Bath Mustard	lxxii	
Crawford, W. S., Ltd.	xxvi	
Cubitt's Engr. Co., Ltd.	lxii	

D		
Daimler Co., Ltd.	i	
Darracq Motor Engineering Co., Ltd.	xix	
Dawson Car Ltd.	xx	
Dick, W. B., & Co., Ltd.	lxii	
Dominion Tyres	xxviii	
Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.	xxxix	

E		
England, George, Ltd.	xlvi	
Essex (Shaw & Kilburn)	iv	

F		
Foresti, G.	xxxviii	
Franco-British Agencies	lxv	

G		
Gaunt, W. C., Co.	xxxv, xlii, xliii	
Goodrich, B. F., Co., Ltd.	2 of cover	
Guy Motors, Ltd.	ii	

H		
Haig & Haig, Ltd.	xv	
Harper, A., Sons & Bean, Ltd.	vii	
Hudson (Shaw & Kilburn)	vi	
Humber, Ltd.	4 of cover	

I		
Indiana Truck Corporation	lx	

K		
Kent, George, Ltd.	lxv	

M		
Mascotte Engineering Co., Ltd.	xxvii	
Mercury Cars (Production), Ltd.	xxix	
Metallurgique Cars (England) Ltd.	xliv	
Mex Spirit	lxiv	
Modern Transport	lxxi	
Motor Mania	lxvi	

N		
Napier, D., & Son, Ltd.	liii	
North British Rubber Co., Ltd.	xlvi	

O		
Ogston Motor Co. (1918), Ltd.	xi	

P		
Packard Motor Co.	xxxv, xlii-xliii	
Paige Motors Ltd.	lvii-lviii	
Perfection Enamelling & Painting Co.	lxi	
Periodical Publishing Co., Ltd.	lxviii, lxix	

Peugeot (England) Ltd.	lix	
Pirelli, Ltd.	lxii	
Puncture Proofed Tubes, Ltd.	lxiii	
Pyrene Co., Ltd.	lxv	

R		
Rally Wheel Discs	lxiv	
Rolls-Royce, Ltd.	xli	
Rossiter, E. J., Ltd.	3 of cover	
Rover Co., Ltd.	xlix	

S		
Service Motor Co., Ltd.	iii	
Shaw & Kilburn, Ltd.	xxiv, iv, vi	
Simms Motor Units Ltd.	xxxii	
Sloan, L. G., Ltd.	lxix	
Slough Trading Co., Ltd.	lxx	
Smith, S., & Sons (M.A.), Ltd.	x	
Sterns, Ltd.	xxxii	
Straker Squire, Ltd.	xxiii	
Stromwall, T.	xvi	
Studd & Millington, Ltd.	xxxix	
Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd.	xl	
Sun Engraving Co.	xxx	
Swift of Coventry, Ltd.	v	
Swanlite	lxvii	

T		
Taunton, Lindsay & Co., Ltd.	viii	
T.B.S. Electrical Construction Co., Ltd.	lxxii	
Thrupp & Maberley, Ltd.	xxxiii	
Treloar & Sons	xl	

U		
United Motor & General Insurance, Co., Ltd.	xxii	
United States Rubber Co., Ltd.	xxviii	

V		
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.	xxi	
Vinolia Co., Ltd.	lii	

W		
Waterman's Pens	lxix	
Whiting, Ltd.	liv	
Willys-Overland Ltd.	li	
Woolland Bros, Ltd.	lxxii	

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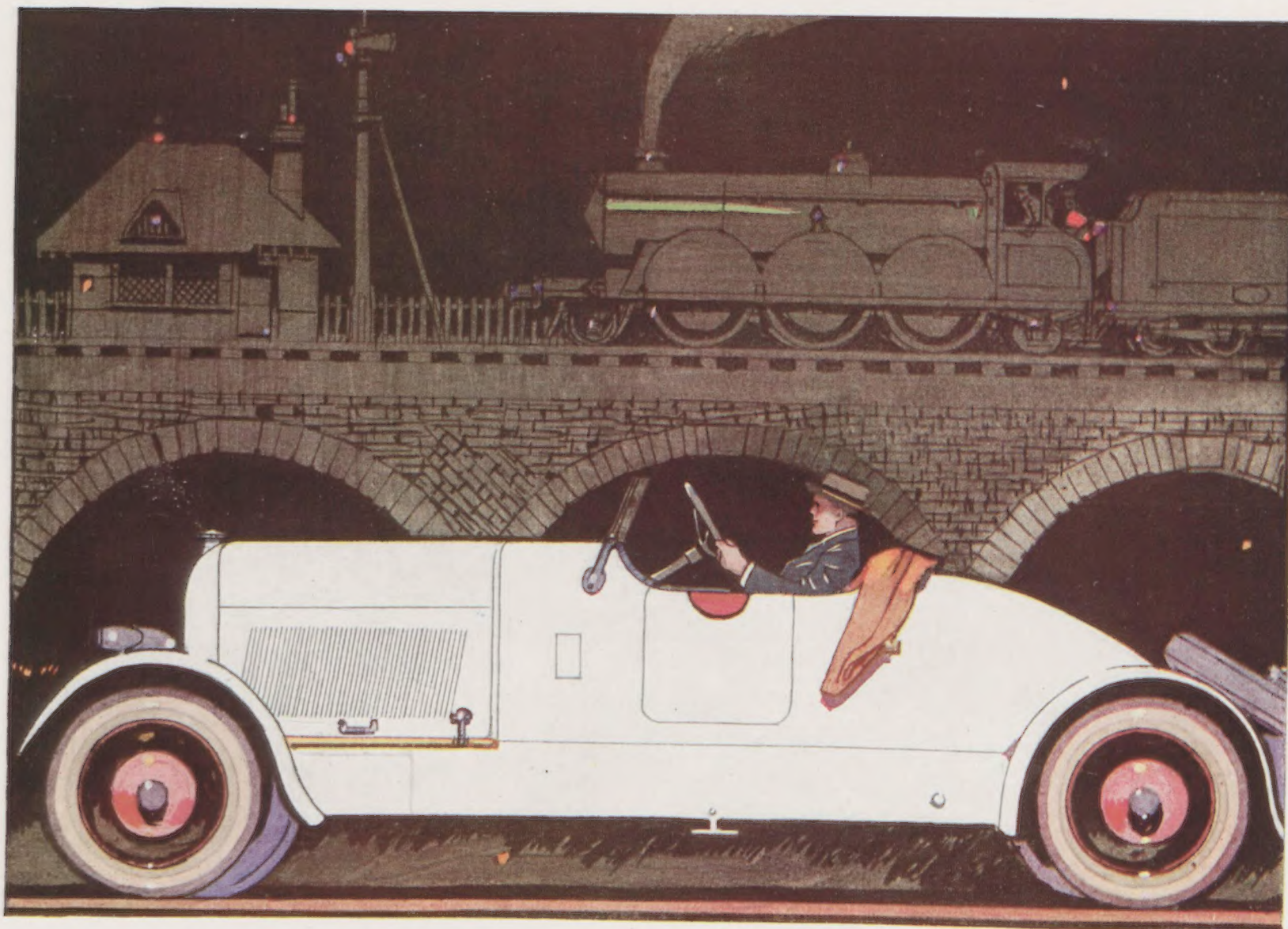
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